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THE SMALL CRITICS.

THE gentry known by this name, have, at all times, been great nuisances in the world of letters. They are wonderful sticklers for whatever they conceive to be the literary ton of the day. Fashion is the idol they worship; and although they are unable to advance a single reason in justification of any of her caprices, they denounce all who dissent from her decisions, with as much inveteracy and assumption of infallibility, as any court of religious inquisition ever denounced heresy. They are the very bigots, of literary fashion, and like all bigots they are extremely vehement in defence of their creed. Should you in their hearing, dare only to whisper that the works of the *non-pareil* author, who is the immediate object of their admiration, exhibit such and such defects, you might as well worship Dagon in the midst of a camp of Isrealites.

It would be some satisfaction if these gentry would assign any reason for their literary preferences. But they are generally incapable of reasoning, and many of them despise reason altogether. Their opinions do not result from any argumentative process; they are formed solely from the dicta of a few celebrated reviewers, whom they have established as the pontiffs of their literary consciences. It is by means of these adherents that such reviewers acquire and maintain their very frequently ill-deserved influence over the taste of the times, and the consciousness of possessing such satraps and underlings to echo their decisions respecting authors, inspires them with a

presumption and boldness, which they would not otherwise venture to display.

This system of things is very prejudicial to the public taste, and is the principal cause of the injustice with which cotemporary authors are so frequently treated. Each of the Small Critics revolves in a certain circle of the community, of which he always takes great pains, and sometimes with much success, to render himself the oracle. When a new book appears bearing the name of a canonized author on its title page, his zeal is immediately on the alert, he hastens from company to company, eulogizing it to all intents and purposes, not alone by pointing out its beauties, if it has any, but by converting its very faults into excellences. Its pages are industriously ransacked in order to discover every thing that may possibly bear some resemblance to cleverness in either thought or expression, and if nothing of the kind can be fairly discovered, its blemishes are siezed on as substitutes, and puffed down the throat of every man of sense who happens to express a doubt on the subject, as exquisite specimens of that puerility and slovenliness in writing in which genius alone is privileged to indulge. On the contrary, when an author whom it has not yet become the fashion to cry up, publishes a book, no matter how high its intrinsic merits, they take care, either never to allude to it, as being beneath their notice, or if they cannot avoid speaking of it, it is always with expressions of contempt for both the author and his production. Should some good natured unprejudiced person point out any passages of superior excellence, they are at once ascribed either to imitation or to labour; nay, the very qualities that would in their opinion entitle a fashionable author to immortal fame, they pronounce absolutely intolerable in one whom the public has not yet taken into favour.

Having in the course of our editorial career had occasion to censure the prevailing taste of the fashionable world for the slovenly productions of a few pet authors, who have become the very spoiled children of literature, we have, for our pains, been subjected to the resentment of the perpetually buzzing small fry of critics about whom we are writing. They assail us on all sides, and in every form and manner, by quill and by tongue, in print

and out of print, in bookstores and at supper-tables, puffing segars, or spouting Lord Byron—mercy on us! wherever they are, or whatever they do, we, and our opinions in favour of the classical writers of our language, our Milton, our Thompson, our Pope, our Gray, and our Goldsmith, are sure to be made the objects of their puissant vituperation. “What arrogance!” they exclaim, “how presumptuous is this new critic that has arisen amongst us, this unmanageable editor of the American Monthly Magazine, who dares to think for himself and impudently discovers faults, and what is worse, points them out to the world, in the writings of our immaculate authors, Byron, Irving, Percival, Southey, Moore and Wordsworth! It is intolerable—Down with him! down with him! What business has he to think on these subjects, in opposition to such mighty men as Woodworth, Stone, Sands, M·Donald Clarke, not to mention Her-mipus junior, and J. E. Hall!”

In this style, nay, in a style frequently ten times more furious than this they rave and rail, and denounce vengeance against our devoted head. We have on our table at present a score of letters. (reader excuse us if we get warm, for we have been just reading them) addressed to us by Small Critics, on the subject of our heterodoxy, the language of which, we are confident, would put to shame any that ever was uttered by Nancy James herself. O that we had a *Ducking-stool* in which to plant some of the Small Critics and literary *petit maitres*, whom we could accuse by name, before the bar of the public for scolding and bullying honest men into an acquiescence in the absurd taste for the hobbling, teeth-grinding poetry of Lord Byron, and the trip-along, skim-the-top, popinjay prose of Washington Irving! We would not assert—we have never asserted that Byron has written no good poetry, or Irving no good prose. We have asserted, and our assertions may be seen even in print, that they have both occasionally written well. But we maintain, in defiance of the murmurs and denunciations of the Small Critics, that these writers have given to the world a great deal of trash both in regard to matter and style; and that consequently their compositions should not be held up as models of perfection. It is on the subject of the indiscriminate praise lavished on these,

and some other modern writers, that we differ with the cry of the critics concerning whom we are writing. The suggestions of common sense,—and we roundly tell these critics that we shall ever pay more attention to its suggestions than to all their blustering inform us that their present *pet* authors have written a great deal that would not have been tolerated from the pens of our classical writers, while they have produced nothing in poetry to compare with the productions of Milton, Thompson, Pope and Gray, or in prose to equal the compositions of Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, or Gibbons. Until we lose all perceptions of propriety, harmony, dignity and grace in literature, we shall never prefer the very best of Byron's, or Southey's, or Wordsworth's poems, to *Paradise Lost*, the *Seasons*, or *Eloisa to Abelard*—nor shall we be able to exalt the flimsy texture of Washington Irving's much lauded prose over the unaffected, manly, and glowing eloquence of innumerable authors, not only of the past but of the present century, all of whom, according to the Small Critics of the day, should succumb to him.

We must not omit mentioning that we have been assailed with more than usual rancour by the Small Critics on account of our opinion that the most natural and palpable distinction between poetry and prose, exists in the arrangement of the language. For having adopted Dr. Johnson's true and practical definition of the words *poetry* and *prose*, in a short disquisition which appeared in a former number, under the head of "What is Poetry?" we have been clamorously accused of having committed high treason against the majesty of the Muses. With their usual looseness of assertion the Small Critics have said that we maintain an harmonious arrangement of syllables to be all that is necessary to make *good* poetry. We deny it; we never maintained any such thing. But we have asserted that it is *one* of the essentials, not the *only* one, of good poetry.

We have also insisted in conformity to the definition already mentioned, that whenever language is thrown into a metrical arrangement of feet, it constitutes poetry as distinguished from prose. It may indeed be very bad poetry for we do not, like the Small Critics, limit the term *poetry* exclusively to the *good* species of it. On the contrary we believe that there is infinitely

more *bad* poetry than *good* in the world. When we asked, "What is Poetry?" we did not mean to inquire into the distinction between *good* and *bad* poetry, but simply into the distinction between *prose* and *poetry* without reference to any particular species of either. There is much *bad* prose as well as *bad* poetry in existence; but who will maintain that *bad* prose is not prose? Yet it would be just as rational to do so as to maintain that *bad* poetry is *not* poetry. Who will deny to Pope's insipid but highly polished Pastorals, the appellation of poetry? But where is the man of cultivated taste that will call them good poetry when compared with some other works of the same writer?

The metrical arrangement of language, which we have assigned as the only truly philosophical distinction between prose and poetry, we still believe to be such. If there is any other, we should be glad to be informed of it. We have often asked the Small Critics to adduce it. But they have never been able to do so. They have, indeed, mentioned several qualities of composition, such as pathos, originality, sublimity, imagination, &c. &c. &c., but every one of these is to be found, in the very highest degree of excellence, in prose. They are in fact no other than the qualities which distinguish the works of genius, whether in prose or poetry, from those of ordinary writers. But the inquiry is not, what distinguishes the works of genius? but, what distinguishes poetry from prose? The mistake of the Small Critics has arisen from their overlooking the true nature of the question, a mistake into which they were easily betrayed by confounding the metaphorical and occasional application of the word poetry, with its true and natural meaning. We spoke of it in its latter acceptation, as the denomination of a species of literary composition, in all languages, differing in its structure from that used in the ordinary transactions of life. We wish the small critics to remember this when they again apply their wits to the investigation of this question; and if they will only clear away the fogs of prejudice from their feelings, and sharpen their penetration a little, they will be likely to discover that our opinions on the subject are not altogether so unfounded in the nature of things as they have imagined.

For the present, we shall leave them to digest these observations as they may think proper, with the assurance that if they continue to consider us in error, any attempt to convert us, to be successful, must be made by argument, and not by either declamation, railery, or abuse.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MEN AND MANNERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WOODLANDS.

THE world is made up of a singular medley ; man is a singular being ; and his manners, generally no less singular than himself. He is a reasonable creature—professes to be governed by reason ; and yet no creature errs more commonly in the choice of means to effect the ends he aims at. He seeks for happiness, and in nine out of ten instances travels the direct road to misery, reasoning and philosophising with himself all the time, and concluding at the end of his journey that misfortune has crossed his way, or that the world has misdirected him, by pointing out an insufficient object, or a false path. Reason may teach him in an hour of reflection, that this is all a delusion ; but he clings to the delusion not less fondly for that, because reason censures in the same voice, and it is not well engrafted in his nature to say, *the fault is mine*. He persists in the same course, to convince himself and the world that he is right, taking far more pains to consummate his wretchedness than it would cost to make him happy. Thus, singular, absurd and inconsistent is man. Did you ever see an insect fluttering round a candle—and which no effort could keep from ruining itself ? and did it not remind you of the conduct of thousands of more rational beings, who run headlong to destruction with their eyes and ears open, and their faculties unimpaired ?

I said that all were seeking for *happiness*. We will call it a phantom ; all men call it so, although the conduct of all prove that they do not believe it to be what they call it. Few, however, seek it in the same object. Some think it consists in *wealth* ; some in the enjoyment of *pleasure* ; some in the possession of *honour* and *fame* ; while others, whose desires are more insatiable, blend all these objects together, and seek as the end of their labours, wealth, pleasure, and fame. No result can be calculated on with greater certainty, than that those who reach either

of these ends, will meet with a disappointment exactly proportioned to the scale of their expectations. The toil and fatigue they encounter will sour the taste, and the gradual and tardy nature of the approach, the slow and almost imperceptible transition from what they were to what they longed to be, will destroy the appetite.

Two things are absolutely certain: first that a great proportion of what are called the disappointments of life arise from our ignorance of ourselves, and, second, that a large amount of positive misery is inseparable from the very constitution of many minds. Some mistake their appetites and grasp at what does not satisfy them; while others are naturally of such sour and unhappy dispositions, that heaven itself, without a change passed upon them, would find them eternally complaining were they admitted there. Long, long ago, the discovery was made that happiness consists not in possessions, or enjoyments; not in wealth or grandeur or honour, but simply and singly in *contentment*. This discovery has been a thousand times published, every one has heard it, every one has repeated it, and yet very few practise upon it. It not unfrequently happens, too, that those who begin the world in contentment and happiness, are unconscious of the value of their situation,—I will illustrate.

A farmer's boy reclined at noon-sleep, one sultry day in summer, under the shade of a cluster of young elm trees, on a little bluff that commanded a beautiful prospect of the lowland meadows, and the broad river rolling on peacefully, and majestically beyond them. He went whistling an hour before, at the call of the merry horn, to his rustic but plenteous meal, and had returned and thrown himself on the green grass, his every want satisfied; his every care at rest, to repose during his allotted time of relaxation. His oxen, free from the plough that stood by, half buried in the furrows, broused along the hedge, his faithful dog was near his side, and the birds twittered around his head. He had lain down happy. But as his eye wandered over the delicious scenery in the distance, the luxuriant crops that were springing in the sunshine, the herds that moved slowly along the plain, and as he saw far off, at the extremity of this rich landscape, the splendid mansion of the lord of these fields and woods, rising in grand magnificence around its hundred shady trees, the thought crowded into his bosom, and filled his soul; how happy should I be, if, instead of being compelled day after day to toil, that others may reap the fruits, I was myself possessed of such a domain as this. He pondered on the thought until, in the airy visions of fancy, he had changed places with his master, and then, in the midst of a thousand schemes of plea-

sure, he rose, resumed his occupation, yet felt as if born into a new world of hope.

Twenty years elapsed, and a whimsical fortune wrought the very change the plough-boy dreamed of. Long industry, frugality, and a superior mind, had elevated him far above his original rank; he married a daughter of his old master; the two remaining children, adventuring abroad, both lost their lives, and at the death of his father-in-law he found himself the possessor of that broad domain. It was summer again, and he stood on that gentle bluff and surveyed the splendid prospect out-spread before him once more. He called to mind his reflections twenty years ago. There lay before him a scene as beautiful as that which he then saw, but it did not seem dressed in the same colours, nor did it present half the captivating charms. Care was blended with all he saw, anxiety written upon every line. He sat down and reflected, until he fell asleep. Then he thought himself the light-hearted farmer's boy, and whistled after his plough; and listened for the blast of the merry horn; and ate his meal with the keen relish which exercise bestows; and passed the evening in mirth and hilarity by the kitchen fire; and his night in profound, unbroken slumber. His own light heart came back to him, and the flow of his spirits abated not. He awoke, and his brief dream again and again flashed upon his mind like the burst of a long untasted joy. How much, sighed he, have I given to escape from happiness to misery!

Much human suffering is mental; perhaps the keenest anguish is that which the *mind* induces. And however some schools may preach, that all mental suffering arises from a diseased imagination, that the whole catalogue of evils, excepting those of bodily affliction, are imaginary, and however ingeniously the hypothesis may be supported, still the mind will suffer; philosophy indeed may blunt the point of many a dart, religion may ward off and render harmless many a spear; but if these form a perfect shield by which the mind can be wholly protected, it is hung up out of the reach of mortals. One great mistake exists among men as to the origin of the mischiefs which spring up so plenteously along the path of life which we will examine as we pass.

You have heard a sick man complain of having taken an *accidental* cold, which brought on the disease under which he labours, or a maimed cripple tell that he *accidentally* fell from a tree and broke his limb. Millions of similar cases exist; and did you ever inquire minutely into these matters, and ascertain what kind of an agent this accident is generally discovered to be? One of my school-fellows lost his life by plunging on a feeble horse into a rapid and dangerous stream; they wrote

"accidentally drowned," upon his tomb stone. Some years ago a merchant of our village left his store at evening while the stove was almost red hot, and combustibles were strewed thick around it; the store was consumed, and the villagers all said "it was an accident." My neighbour's corn crop was destroyed the year before last by cattle. He had neglected a breach in his fence, time after time; the cattle at last entered there, destruction followed, and his neighbours condoled with him on account of his "accidental loss." And it is but a short time since my friend B— visited the great La Fayette parade in Philadelphia, taking with him a hundred dollars, merely to "provide against accidents." His pocket was ripped open and he came back without the money; it was some consolation, however, to hear all the people call it "an accident;" and the minister even applied to the case the healing appellation of "a dispensation of providence." The truth is, in all of these cases, it was their carelessness that brought on the individuals the evils they suffered.

Then that abused and maltreated creature, or phantom, personified by the term fortune, is subjected to precisely the same round of accusations. A long train of beggarly pilgrims, in tattered breeches and many coloured vests, loudly curse her for having deserted them. At least one half of the tatterdemalions have spent already a decent fortune in sixpences for gin and brandy; a moiety of the remainder one might suppose had been waiting all their lives for the clouds to rain down gold, as they were never seen to employ any means to obtain it on the earth, these curse fortune loudly. Another moiety are waiting for the death of some rich relative, searching the papers day after day for obituary notices, and cursing the fortune, that, they say, will not let old men die. The last group of this blessed tribe are fortune-hunters, who having pawned their credit for a Sunday suit, are in chase of female heiresses, modestly intending to sell their powdered, pomatumed, rose-watered carcasses for the charms of money and matrimony, these, the most contemptible of all upbraid Dame Fortune as stoutly as their companions, because, forsooth, their honest plans are not accomplished. Fortune is said to be blind, but she is not half blind enough to be deceived by such adventurers, who adventure, not industry, not skill, but impudence, the only stock they seem to have for the market.

But no, fortune is not blind, it is those who go to seek her, that have the bandage over their eyes. Whenever men adopt rational means to obtain wealth, and pursue those means steadfastly and perseveringly, in the full exercise of industry and sound judgment, they will, in all human probability obtain a portion that ought at least to satisfy them. Every thing in this world

is of that flexible nature that necessarily creates exceptions to every rule. But to this rule there are as few exceptions as to any. Young has recorded an excellent sentiment on this subject.

“Look into those they call unfortunate,
And, closer viewed, you'll find they are unwise.”

“Providence” and “Fortune,” however, in all these cases, are kept constantly and tremendously in debt, if we believe the bold assertions of the multitude. Every lazy improvident scoundrel charges the whole amount of his poverty and wretchedness upon the head of these presiding agencies; and instead of those who are more successful, balancing this heavy account, *they* take all credit to themselves; their own prudence, their own industry, their own skill did every thing. Thus inconsistent are men in all conditions, under all circumstances.

Perhaps two as fruitful sources of ill as any in the catalogue, are mistakes in choosing *professions*, and mistakes in choosing *partners*.

It often happens that the genius and inclination of children are very imperfectly studied by their parents, before their destiny in the world of business is fixed. Indeed, I have repeatedly known instances in which the only questions asked were, who will give the boy the best bargain? or what business is the most profitable? Thus it has happened that thousands of intelligent youths have lingered through a tedious apprenticeship only to abandon their business in the end, and seek some new occupation at the sacrifice of all the knowledge they had already spent years in gaining. Among these some have always been found of sufficient enterprize and genius to force their way over every obstacle and reach the profession they ought at first to have been directed towards. But while this has been the case, hundreds and hundreds have sunk dispirited and indifferent, into careless apathy and ruin. The professions all require peculiar qualifications of mind and dispositions; so do the mechanic arts, so does every occupation that can be named in Christendom. The journey of life, under the most favorable circumstances, heaven knows, is troublesome enough, but when a person is chained down to an occupation he dislikes, his miseries are doubled at every step. The man, in the style of your modern fashions, is fitted to the coat, instead of the coat to the man.

The second cause of evil I have mentioned, that of mistakes in the choice of partners, is, perhaps, as common, and certainly not less fatal to happiness, than the first. It destroys our peace at home, and our comfort abroad. Some might make business their *sine-qua-non* in the matter of happiness, but for me, a cheerful fire-side brightened up by the smiles of those I

loved, alone could draw from my heart the poison of corroding care, or call forth the jovial note,

"Come let the world go as it will,
"I'll be free and easy still."

When troubles press into my path, and the cold world deceives me in some unexpected point, there is something, to me inexpressibly sweet in the recollection that I have a place of refuge where the sun of friendship and affection, remains unclouded; that after the toil and weariness of the day is past, I shall repose my head in peace and quietness; that in sickness and in sorrow my fainting heart will be upborne on the pure spirit of unchanging devoted love.—But these mistakes have one feature, which, however differently others may feel under them from myself, certainly stamps their character with a fearful shade. They admit of no remedy; once made, and the die is cast for life. Generally too, they are the result of little forethought—they are the triumphs of passion over reason; they are therefore the more to be compassionated.

Love has universal license, and he exercises it over every age. Our earliest recollections are full of the dreams of affection—we grow up lovers, and we continue so till we get married, sometimes afterwards. But never was there a more complete lottery than this. I will not say that in this, as in some other lotteries, there are "*only* two blanks to a prize," but I will say, in order that by being honest I may preserve my peace with the fair ones who may look upon these pages, that the husband as often proves to be the blank as the wife. To a domestic man, no situation in the world, perhaps, could be more critical than *this* state of matrimony. His every dream of comfort through life's long journey clusters round the fire-side of his ancient home—an ally has been admitted to share his pleasures and assist him in the government of his household; admitted under the mutual safeguard of a strong treaty of peace and amity, it is true; but at a season—in an age, when such treaties are most contemptuously broken, and such safeguards often prove wholly unavailing. His chance of success in a belligerent state, is hopeless. His all depends upon the maintenance of peace, and that peace depends upon the strength of the mystic web, woven in the moonlight of courtship and twined round either heart at hymen's altar. It might have been strong at first, but in almost every instance it partakes so much of the mutability of earthly things, that it wears, and wears, and wears, sometimes entirely out, often very threadbare, and almost always into a hole or two. Such are the perils to which matrimony subjects us. One word more on this part of the subject: a little common sense, with an equal stock of prudence, and resolution enough to govern the tongue if the tem-

per cannot be governed, would enable one to get along in the yoke tolerably well, on a very small capital of the commodity called love: and as these frequently prove of more enduring substance than the last, I have often thought it might be well if those who intend "to yoke and be happy," would just look into their medicine chest, before they set out on their journey, and see whether they had them stored away in good keeping.

Then again:—Another deep, perpetual and ever overflowing fountain of human ill is discoverable in that unborn and unchanging pride which inherits every bosom, implanted there as it is for the best of purposes, in its proper growth a healthful plant; but which continually overshoots its proper sphere, and proves pernicious often to the last degree. We suffer more or less pain constantly from apprehension, not of bodily suffering, but of some change of circumstances which shall oblige us to retrench some part of our plan of living, display less style, or be more economical. This all springs from pride, not from any fear of bodily suffering I repeat, for every one knows four shillings will provision an individual a week, and that any one may obtain such a sum in any occupation. The envy and jealousy that pride creates, cause a greater amount of suffering than we imagine. The desire to excel our equals and to equal our superiors; the prevalence of this desire through all classes, spiced with the same ingredients; the impossibility of obtaining the wish we cherish, except at a ruinous sacrifice, involve thousands in misery. And there the very trappings of pride are in themselves annoying and destructive of comfort. Splendid furniture upon which you must not breathe, carpets upon which you must not tread, chairs on which you can only sit in one particular position, and servants enough to turn ten masters into bedlamites, supported at your expense, and cursing you with their indolence and impertinence; these are among the "good things" of pride.

In these instances I have reference to the wealthy, and those in circumstances of at least comparative affluence. When we look at those in humble life,—in poverty,—and see there the same spirit, the same ungovernable propensity to "do as other people do," a train of new miseries meet us. It would be easy for thousands of such families to live, and live comfortably, if they confined themselves in their expenditures to the purchase of such things as are necessary alone; but a little genteel furniture, a little genteel dress, a party occasionally, because every body gives parties; something in the house to drink, because the neighbours keep wine and brandy, etc., and a thousand other things, that other people have.—these clog the wheels of almost every honest mechanic and labourer, so that he rarely gets forward on his journey. Even the coffin and the grave must be

decked out with vanities, and the poor man's last shilling is often bestowed at the shrine of etiquette, in the hour that death has invaded his humble home, until indeed his house is in a double sense turned into "a house of mourning." Shall I add again—how inconsistent with himself is man?

The simplicity which characterized the olden time is gone; it is vain to lament, it is perhaps vain to reason. Yet surely there are those *who think*, and to such these things cannot be called back too often. Reform is seldom effected by the pen in the persons and manners of the age to which it addresses its reproofs; but the voice of prudence may reach some ear, and some change however imperceptible may be effected. Ours is a peculiar age, and requires peculiar forethought and a steady hand to fit it. The young grow up too loosely, their habits are not formed with sufficient carefulness. And this being the case, they are very apt to imbibe every notion of extravagance, and fall into every habit of dissipation which are the distinguishing characteristics of the age.

If books, and the retirement and seclusion of the study were made the companions of our youth, instead of the gay and dissipated company to which they are usually introduced, at that age when the habits begin to form which are to distinguish them through life; how much real benefit would they receive, and how much danger would they escape? The associations necessary to be formed with men, are not of such a nature as that it is at all necessary that the work should be begun early. It is time enough when business makes the call, and the *best time*, because at that period the mind is formed, the habits are confirmed, the danger is measurably past.

The education of our females is, it appears to me, even more neglected than that of the males. It seems to be forgotten by the prudent motherhood, that their daughters have a debt to discharge to the community. That they are bound to bring them up to usefulness. How many mothers look forward, year after year with pride and joy to the hour when their daughters shall be led to the altar; and how many delightful dreams do they indulge of the future happiness of their darling charges? Yet do they teach them daily to become notable housewives? do they teach them industry, economy, and strive to decorate their minds with every sweet and social virtue? Do they labour faithfully to prepare them for the happiness they anticipate? Go to the ball-room or the theatre, to the promenade or to the fire-side, and these will tell you tales of extravagance, of idleness, and of affectation, shall I not add of ignorance, at which your cheeks will crimson, if you have at heart the interests of society. I

would not be understood as condemning all. There are exceptions, many exceptions; yet would to heaven, there were an hundred fold more than ever I have found, or than truth will permit me to allow.

P.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

PROVENÇAL LITERATURE.

No. II.

Continued from page 399.

WHEN the corruptions, that gradually crept into the ancient system, had increased the power of the feudal barons to such an alarming degree as to endanger sovereignty itself, the princes of Europe resorted to the crusades as the best means of extinguishing the turbulence of the nobility, and sought to render all quiet at home, by giving a new direction to their unhallowed ambition. To rescue the holy sepulchre from the violation of infidel footsteps, to spread the banner of the cross over the tombs of the prophets, and to establish the christian hierarchy in its ancient citadel, were objects well suited to engage the enthusiasm of an age, noted for papal superstition and religious zeal. The crusades produced a revolution in the taste and feelings of the west, that brought with it a revolution in literature. A change from pastoral sonnets to wild and romantic legends took place in the poetry of the Troubadours. The songs that once pleased, pleased no longer, and the chords that were tuned to the ecstasies of love vibrated to chivalrous deeds and noble enterprise. Still the praise of beauty and its devotion continued as ardent as before, and the same spirit of gallantry that commissioned the knight errant to tilt through the world, by its influence over the poetic mind, made him the hero of romance. But the spirit of crusading, which was so well suited to give an intellectual energy to the age and a fresh impulse to its literature, soon passed away. The feudal barons returned to their ancient halls, the pride of nobility gathered strength anew, and it was not till after an obstinate struggle, that the independent spirit of those days was brought to acknowledge its vassalage. Thus the whole fabric of the feudal system, that had been tottering for years, fell at length into ruins, and crushed the institution of knight-errantry, that had generated beneath its shade. Enough however of chivalry remained in the world to cherish that love of hazardous enterprise, which the crusaders had inspired. Hence the literature of the age, which consisted of tales and records

of the adventures of knights-errant, interwoven with the fictions of the poet's own fancy, advanced with giant strides from one nation to another. Nothing was too wonderful for the credulity and superstition so prevalent during the dark ages, and the intellects of unlettered men received the wildest fictions and the grossest absurdities for the established truth of history. Such was the influence of chivalry upon literature.

Whilst the change we have referred to was yet going on in the literature of the age, *la gaie science*, which was so universally and so enthusiastically admired, passed into Italy and Spain. The Spanish had long been possessed of the Arabian fictions, whose artificial beauty soon became mingled with Provençal poetry, and tinged the love-songs and romances of the Troubadours. The fabulous legends of the East were introduced into Spain, either at the time of the crusades, or at the emigration of the Saracens about the commencement of the ninth century. Yet the romance of the Cid Ruy Diaz, which has given so high a character to the ancient Spanish literature, breathes nothing of their effeminate spirit, but is purely Castilian. This, which is doubtless the true history of the Cid and his expeditions against the Moors, though not wholly without fiction, is generally considered a production of the eleventh century. Yasso prefers the *Armadas de Gaul*, written by Vasco Lobenyra before the close of the thirteenth century, and probably before the Troubadours refinements were introduced into the national literature of Spain, to the best Provençal poem. But the more modern Spanish poetry, and especially their sentimental songs bear evident marks of their study and imitation of the Provençalists. From them the melancholy enthusiasm of Camoens, who was born of a Spanish family in Portugal and wrote the greater part of his songs in the Spanish language, learned to utter so passionately the feelings of love. In the fortunes of Petrarch and Camoens, and the circumstances of their attachments, there is a singular coincidence. Both admired, and devoted themselves to the study of the songs and metrical legends of the Troubadours, and gathered, for their own laurels, many flowers that were fast withering away upon their graves. The accidental meeting of Petrarch with Laura, as she returned from her devotions in the Monastery of St. Claire, is strikingly analogous to that of Camoens with Caterina de Ataide, at the Church of Christ's Wounds in Lisbon. Though neither gained the object of his tender and devoted passion, yet both lived to see the shadow of death pass over the form of beauty: and the touching and melancholy eloquence of their elegies, as they went on their way sorrowing, proves the ardour and delicacy of their love.

The ancient days of Spain, as well as those of France, Germany and England, can boast their ballads and legendary songs. These are streams issuing from the pure Castilian fountain, and which flowed out before its waters were polluted by the dregs of Moorish fiction. Modern writers impute to those relics of antiquity more of a noble and national character, than the compositions of those rude and illiterate ages generally possess, and the breathings of the free spirit of warlike men, that were struggling hard with the barbarity of their southern invaders. The ancient songs and ballads of most countries, though justly considered the indexes of national feelings and partialities, excite in us more interest as curious fragments of other years, that have escaped the hand of time, than as works of great and distinguishing beauties, beyond those of nature and simplicity. They are such as better suit the vulgar ear, than the courts of the nobility, when the poetry that, like the Castilian, would cherish instead of quenching the flame of national pride, should be equally suited to each. In connection with the subject of Spanish literature, it may here be observed, that Mr. Southey's valuable *Chronicle of the Cid* gives much useful information concerning the early Castilian writers, and those Spanish poets of the middle age, who composed in the Provençal dialect. To this we refer our readers.

Though it is difficult, and perhaps impossible to designate any general causes of the revival of letters, yet the renovated study of civil jurisprudence was an active principle in awakening a spirit and love of literature. The greater part of Western Europe had long been under the government of a compilation of laws, which was made from the Theodosian code, at the very commencement of the sixth century, by order of Alaric the Visigoth. This, however, was now superseded by the laws of Justinian, the era of whose reputation may be carried far back into the twelfth century. The schools of civil law established at Bologna excited a powerful influence in every direction, and as their fame increased throughout Europe, brought great numbers of students from all quarters. Similar institutions were soon established at Modena and Mantua, by the zealous exertions of civilians, and the Roman law, according to the system of Justinian, was revived in the fief of Toulouse and the provinces of the south of France. A spirit of inquiry was thus spread over all Europe, and gave birth to that intellectual energy, which enabled men to throw off the mask and fetters of ignorance, and come forth in the pursuits of literature with a noble ambition. But the minds of men soon took a new direction, and the volumes of civil law were laid aside for the more alluring pages of metaphysics and philosophy. To the illustrious

Charlemagne belongs the honour of the first establishment of academical institutions, from which in all probability, germinated those ancient systems of science, which have long ago withered away beneath the sun of modern days. Yet ere this venerable tree, which the genius of an individual had planted and cultivated, fell in its old age, men came and sat beneath its shade and partook of its fruit. It was for the establishment of these schools that instructors from foreign courts assembled around Charlemagne, and the zeal which he possessed was so far from growing cold in the bosoms of his successors, that the ninth century beheld the foundations of academies laid in Lyons, Cowey, and other places of note. Nor was there less of enthusiasm kindled amongst the champions of the cross, nor less of dispute in religion. But when the genius that was within the pale of the church, began to exhibit itself in sectarian controversies, and metaphysical subtleties had crept into the investigation of holy things, the veneration due to religion was forgotten, and theology as a science became merely speculative.

However the disputes of schismatics may have influenced the morality of these ages, yet by producing a habitude of mental discipline, they rapidly advanced the revival of letters. As intellectual strength gradually unfolded itself, the genius of enterprising men soared on less timorous wings, and rose daily higher and higher in its flights. An ample field for the exertion of intellect lay rich and uncultivated before them, and harvest time awaited them with a plentiful horn. Hence the enthusiasm with which a zealous multitude embraced the bold theories of Abelard, became pilgrims to the wilderness, and through the monastary of Paraclete, and hence that love of literature, which began with a few, was now so universal, their rivalries so great, and the ambitious desire that a hall of literary glory should encircle their brows, so active and vigorous a principle with mankind.

But perhaps the greatest cause of the renovation of literature was the developing of language, and the formation of rational dialects from the corruptions of the Latin. To the subject of the Romance tongue, which was spoken in the dynasties of France, we have already referred, and have mentioned its division into the French and Provençal. In giving that delivery and refinement to the latter, which adopted it so well to the beauty and harmony of versification, and thus rendered it so instrumental in producing the revival of literature in Europe, the Troubadours exerted a powerful agency. As the fabled lute of the Egyptian Memnon hailed the advent of the natural morning, so, when the morning of science dawned upon a benighted age, the shells of the Troubadours sounded to the impulse of its first rays. To these the Italians soon joined the

music of the language, and Provençal poetry was first cultivated in Spain, when the kings of Aragon became by alliance counts of Provence. Raymond, count of Toulouse, was the patron of the Troubadours, and the bloody crusade undertaken by the papal world against the Albigenses, who also claimed the shelter of his authority, was the commencement of a series of misfortunes, which resulted in their final extinction. Their decline being thus begun was accelerated by the removal of their patrons, the Counts of Toulouse, to Naples, and their own crimes and degeneracy at length extinguished the flame which already quivered with its feebleness. Great exertions were made by individuals to preserve the reputation of Provençal poetry as it faded fast away, and the Floral Games of Toulouse shed a lustre upon the decay of that science which they were established to preserve. *Les Jeux Floreux* were instituted by seven Troubadours of high birth at Toulouse, who endeavoured to keep alive the universal enthusiasm for poetry that once existed, and to excite a zealous circulation by bestowing a golden violet as the reward of poetic merit. By the generosity of Clemence d'Isaure, the Rose and Elegantine were added, and during the reign of Louis XIV. the French Chancellor directed the institution, which in all probability is still in existence, and awarded the Amaranth of Gold. But the sun of the Troubadours had passed its meridian, it was hastening toward the west and soon went down forever.

The history of these fathers of modern literature is a melancholy record of human prosperity, frailty, and transgression. By the delicate touches of their poetry, they harmonized the feelings of a rude and illiterate age, smoothed the auster features of chivalry, and by increasing the veneration for beauty, brightened the chastity and devotion of love. It is an opinion to which many writers have given countenance, that the love of the Troubadours was but a feigned, ideal passion. But whatever other charges we bring against them, it is hard to accuse them of insincerity in that, upon which is founded their pride and enthusiasm. There is scarcely a page in their history that has not recorded the melancholy effect of slighted affection upon the minds of those whose feelings were made delicate and acutely sensitive by the agency of love and poetry. Audemur de Provence, and the gallant knight Guillime d'Adhemar were martyrs to love. From the influences of the same passion, Pierre Vidal became a madman, and Richard Barbesieux and Pierre Rogiers renounced the allurements and the vanities of the world and wept in solitude over their withered hopes. Le Monge des Isles d'Or says that Albertet de Sisterore died of grief at Tarscon, on account of an unfortunate attachment to the Marchoness

of Malespiere, the most accomplished lady of Provence. The following is a short extract from a sonnet, which was written by him and sent to her a short time previous to his death.

Mais comma faray yen mas amours caras
 My poder desportar d'aquest affection?
 Car certes yen endury en esta passion,
 In vous ingratement, moutas doulours amaras.

Joy of my heart! whence hath my spirit power
 To check the impulse of celestial love?
 Still my devoted passion is above
 The frailty of my reason, though no hour
 Shall bring the wish'd return, nor seal the welcome dower.

There seems frequently to have been something fanciful and visionary in the loves of the Troubadours, and Geoffrey Rudel died from the violence of a singular passion which he entertained for the countess of Tripoli, whom he never saw until, when upon his death bed, she held his dying hand.

On the decline of these poets the mind indulges in unwelcome reflections. We are unwilling to think, that love with them could degenerate to licentious galantry, and that the breath of passion should waste the flame it kindled when pure. Yet the hand of crime set the last seal upon their destiny, and drew their way-faring to a close. Many have censured as too severe, the exercise of regal authority against a race of men whose love had been fostered into licentiousness by the smiles and caresses of beauty. But however this may be, their lyres were broken in an evil hour, and when morning looked upon the wreck which the tempest of superstition and barbarism had left, no longer were heard the music and song that had sounded through the twilight, and ushered in the day-spring.

H.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A REVERIE ;

OR,

REFLECTIONS IN THE MORNING.

(Continued from page 367.)

To point out the follies, the faults, and the vices of mankind, that they may be corrected, to hold up to the public eye, the mirror of truth, exhibiting the virtues, the beauties, and the charities of humanity, that they may be admired, is a task as

glorious in its design, as it is difficult in its performance. The publication of the inimitable essays contained in the Spectator, the Guardian, and the Tatler, had the happiest tendency to improve the manners and morals, of the British nation, a hundred years ago, and the promulgation of the doctrines, precepts, and satires, abounding in those works, since that period, has greatly enlightened and improved the world.

Addison says, "Youth is devoted to pleasure, middle age to ambition, and old age to avarice, and these are the three general principles to be found in mankind ; sometimes ascending to honourable motives, and sometimes descending to dishonourable actions."

It is an anomaly of human nature, irreconcilable to reason, that man, as he approaches the grave, as he is retiring from this scene of vanity and ambition, should become more and more selfish, more anxious to hoard up and increase the wealth already too great in his possession, and in fact more disposed to worship *Plutus*, who is represented as the "infernal God of Riches," than his Maker! We must judge of men by their actions, and we must judge of their actions by such traits in their characters as are obvious to our sight. This is the criterion, by which every man must be judged, here, and hereafter.

Nothing is so hard for a generous mind to get over, as calumny and reproach, but the best remedy is, to know that we do not deserve them. *Plato*, being told that many persons spoke ill of him, said "*It is no matter ; I will live so that none shall believe them.*"

The man who is possessed of a good conscience cannot be unhappy. He may commiserate the wretched condition of others, he may view the peculiarities, the faults, and the crimes of men with disgust and horror. He may possess but a small share of wealth, and deny himself many comforts, because he cannot prudently purchase them. The calamities and the wickedness of his fellow creatures, may sometimes produce in his heart, a pang and a sigh. He may see pride, selfishness, and ingratitude, stalking about in various forms and places. He may look at them with concern and regret, but he cannot be miserable when in possession of an honest heart.

My attention, after these reflections, was attracted, by the appearance of a straight well dressed personage whose countenance was evidently marked with *pride*. He was somewhat inclined to corpulency, of the ordinary stature, and considerably advanced in years. Austere in his manners, and upright in his carriage, he looked down contemptuously, upon all who from necessity, were compelled to walk in humble life. This man, it appeared, was in the habit of giving a splendid and os-

tentatious dinner, two or three times a year, to Doctors, Lawyers, Merchants, and Esquires, among whom were always some just like himself. A description of the scene was given to me, by a person, in the crowd, who had been at one of these entertainments. The conversation he remarked, was generally light, noisy, and laughable; turning during some part of the evening, upon calculations and estimates of rich men, beginning with such as had lately "gone hence, to be seen of men no more." Did he die *wealthy*? was the first question! After solving that, the subject was continued by an investigation of the riches and wealth of their living acquaintances. "I can make out a list of two hundred persons I know, worth \$100,000 each," says one;—"of half that number, worth double that sum," says another;—"of twenty, worth half a million; and of several worth a million, two millions, and more," says a third, shrugging up his shoulders and taking a pinch of snuff from his neighbour's box as he spoke. But on canvassing them closely, there always appeared a difference of opinion. "Let me see," says one. "He has so much in the six per cents, so much in Bank Stock, and so many other things, I make him worth \$300,000 at least!" "But, then" says another, "perhaps some of the property you enumerate, is hypothecated or mortgaged?" "I don't think it at all probable," was the reply "for he has always, money in Bank, *shaves* when there is an opportunity, and buys at *Sheriff's Sales*, whenever a good *bargain* offers!—*he owes nothing!*" "How do you know that?" said a stout gentlemen, looking significantly, and slapping his hand on the right side of his pantaloons at the same time. "Because," said he, "I never heard so, and can't believe it possible!" "A very good reason indeed," replied the host, laughing immoderately! "for if it was so *you* would have heard it *undoubtedly*. He! he! he! But remember, '*it is not all gold that glistens.*'" "Do you mean that, personally, sir?" "Why really I didn't know the bullet would fly as straight as it did, or I should not have pulled the trigger. Has it hurt you?" "No sir, not much, *a mere scratch!* I've as good a one to send back, I assure you! Pray, sir, what business, did you follow, when you were a young man? How did you acquire the wealth you now possess? Were you ever at a raising frolic?" "Why, sir, for a long time I was engaged in commercial pursuits, fortune smiled upon me, the wars in Europe, enabled me to make several good voyages. I bought houses, and lots, and farms, and stocks, at low prices, on speculation and sold them to great advantage. In that way, I laid the foundation of my fortune, which I have since improved by *good investments*, and receive from my income much more than I pay for my disbursements!" "True, it is acknowledged that you are

rich, but were you not once a Carpenter, or brought up to that trade, sir?" "I tell you, *that, that, that*—" "Speak out sir, don't hesitate, or I shall begin to think that the ball has hit you *in a very tender part!*" "Well then, to be candid, I was a carpenter, and am not ashamed to own it! a carpenter's profession is an honourable one!" "So it is; but I don't believe *nabobs*, such as you, like to be considered *mechanics!*" "Pshaw!" what does it signify, the time I speak of, was *when I was a mere boy!*" Laughter, peal after peal, ensued, and repeated attempts to restore order, were unsuccessfully made, until the detonation of a bottle of brisk Partridge-eye Champagne, and a merry song, produced harmony and good-fellowship at the table.

On hearing this account of the dinner party, I took another gaze at the proud man, as he was passing from my view, and and exclaimed in the language of *Pope*.

Worth, makes the man, and want of it the fellow,
The rest, is all but leather, and prunello!—
Order is Heaven's first law, and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,—
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence,
That such are happier, shocks all common sense—
Fortune her gifts, may variously dispose,
And these be happy called, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While these are placed in hope, and those in fear;—
Not present good, or ill, the joy, or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse—
Heaven breathes in every member of the whole,
One common blessing, as one common soul—
If then, to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals, could not place content.
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in these words,—*health, peace and competence.*

As the groupe moved along, a plain, serious, sober-looking figure, caught my eye. He was clothed in drab, his coat without a cape, and the pockets without flaps, the buttons on his waistcoat, breeches, and coat, were made of horn; his stockings of a dark grey colour, were knit of worsted; and his hat, with a broad brim, was looped, and slightly cocked!—I was amused with his appearance, and inquired particularly into his character. The result of which was, that he had uniformly lived a life of forbearance and sobriety; that he attended meetings of public worship, on the sabbath, and other days of the week, with punctuality, and apparent devoutness, that he had the saving

knowledge in *perfection*, which enabled him, with industry and care, to increase his patrimonial estate, and become proprietor of a real and personal property, which yielded him an immense income; but, his love of money was unbounded, and he was as mean as he was rich. His wife and children, were like menial servants to him, and his rigid discipline, in the system of domestic economy, prevented his sons and his daughters, from intermixing with members of other religious societies, and with the most respectable of their own. The consequence was, that they were coarse in their manners, and unimproved in their minds. The girls shut up at home, as though they were in a cloister, were greater adepts in polishing kitchen utensils, scrubbing the house, and displaying themselves at the wash-tub, than in personal or literary accomplishments. They had no opportunity of studying the human character, or of participating in such recreations, and innocent amusements, as tend to relax the mind, and contribute to the health and comfort of youth. The boys were still more uncouth, and although several of them had reached manhood, their fear of the father operated so strongly upon them, that they seldom, excepting when at work, ventured out of his sight. They dressed in the same style, and used the same plain language, as he did. They were brought up as mechanics, and laboured as journeymen; having but few acquaintances, and those of the common class, they were rude in their behaviour and unsociable; they were ignorant, prejudiced, and bigoted! Such tokens of avarice, ambition, and selfishness, as are here depicted, every man of candor, and of honor, must view with horror, and acknowledge them to be in direct opposition to the blessed principles of the christian religion; and yet, how many do we see every day, seizing, and grasping, and holding on to *money* with the same *sordid avarice*; worshipping, and treating it as an object of *primary* importance. Considering and viewing it, as the greatest treasure the heart of man can crave! From such *Puritans*, good Lord, defend me!

"The de'il was piqued such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good *Job* of old;
But, Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making *rich*, not making poor.
'Tis strange the miser, should his cares employ,
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy.
Yet, to be just, to *these poor men of pelf*,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself.
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides,
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.
Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives, powerful, though unknown;

Some war, some plague, some famine, *they foresee,*
 Some *revelations* hid from you, and me;
 Who sees *pale Mammon* pine amidst his store,
 Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
 This year, a *reservoir*, to keep, and spare,
 The next, a *fountain* spouting through *his heir,*
 In *lavish streams*, to quench a country's thirst,
 And men and dogs shall drink *him* till they burst." POPE.

Immediately following the latter, there appeared a figure unusually interesting. His countenance and the features of his face, indicated the benevolence of his heart, and the greatness of his mind; perceiving that I was taking a sketch of the characters as they were passing, he approached me with a smile, and asked permission to look at my manuscript. His name is *Candor*, the companion of Justice, and the twin brother of *Truth*. The request I instantly granted, and begged him to favour me with his opinion of what I had written. He took the paper from my hand, read it, and returned it to me, observing that my observations appeared to him correct, but that I had taken a partial view of the characters in the procession, confining my remarks to the frailties and imperfections of human nature, without attempting to do justice to those deserving the world's esteem. I acknowledged the truth of his observation, and respectfully requested him to draw me a portrait of such characters as he alluded to. He politely bowed assent, and was proceeding with an interesting narrative, when the interruption took place which I adverted to in my preceding communication. As far however as I had the benefit of his conversation, and can remember it, I will give a history of the two characters he introduced to my notice.

"Do you observe that man," said he, walking quietly by himself, and musing while he walks along. "His name is *Modesty*; there is something in the air of his face, that indicates the majesty of his soul. His talents are of the first order. His conduct is without reproach. He is diffident in his manners, and apparently unconscious of his acquirements. His inmate worth, his unshaken integrity, his undefiled heart, are barriers to the inroad of every ignoble passion. The circle of his friends is small, but select, and occasionally they meet at each other's houses, to enjoy the pleasures of intellectual conversation, sometimes at the festive board, where moderation always reigns; sometimes by the fire-side, when charming woman mingles in the circle; and sometimes with a select friend, from the garden of the mind culling the flowers of literature and of science.

The modest demeanor of himself and his companions, seclude him from the noise and bustle of politics. He has no syc-

phants, no hangers on, to bring him into public notice, none to patronise him. His qualifications are great, but his merits are still greater. He is deserving, but he is poor. The country wants such men to fill public stations, but such men will not undergo the degrading ordeal of promotion by associating with heated partizans on the election ground, at *ward meetings*, and at *caucuses*, or becoming *chairmen*, *secretaries*, or *speakers*, at either of them. They are too honest, to submit to such means of promotion, and too modest to get their own names placed on tickets by such manœuvering! They do not suit the temper or views of politicians, now a days, and therefore are neglected.

It would be charitable to give this man an office, and his acceptance of one would be promotive of public good, but he wont bend to political intrigues, nor interfere with the free and unrestrained rights of suffrages!—Rather than descend to meanness, or stoop to the tricks of wily politicians, he would deprive himself of every expensive personal gratification, and in the language of a celebrated writer, exclaim,—“Oh, Poverty! let me not for any fear of thee, desert my friend, my principles, or my honour. If wealth is to visit me, and come with her usual attendants, Vanity and Avarice, hasten to my rescue and bring along with thee, the two sisters in whose company thou art always cheerful, *Liberty* and *Innocence*!”

The music of my informant's voice tingled sweetly in my ear. How delightful, said I to myself, is the imagination when tuned into melody by such language.

I had scarcely time for reflection, when my intelligent companion directed my attention to a magnificent object. “Look,” said he, “and observe before you *Benevolence*, walking arm in arm with *Gratitude* and *Philanthropy*. What a noble countenance! what an interesting figure! charity stamped on his face! religion on his heart! and virtue on his soul! He rests his head on his pillow at night, and reviews the transactions of the past day with satisfaction and delight; he has nothing to condemn himself with, no corroding thoughts to agitate his mind, no conflicting passions to rankle in his bosom. He thanks his God for the many mercies vouchsafed to him from time to time, he prays for the salvation of his own soul, and for the salvation of his fellow creatures, and bows in gratitude and in reverence at the throne of grace. Under the influence of these acts of piety and devotion, he is lulled to sleep, and his sleep is sweet. In the morning, refreshed by the soundness of his slumbers, he again performs his duty to his god, and with the rising sun leaves his bed, to exercise and employ his time and his money in acts of kindness, charity, and benevolence, towards his fellow-beings. I heard no more.

CLIO.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

—
PODAGRÆ LEVAMEN;
 OR,
EXTRACTS FROM A BACHELOR'S CHRONICLE.
No. XI.

Varium et mutabile semper....VIRGIL.

—
THE DINNER PARTY.

In the style of a celebrated modern writer.

Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
 Of social glee, and wit humane, though keen.

The Castle of Indolence.—THOMPSON.

I will a tale unfold,—

Hamlet.—SHAKSPEARE.

NOT long ago I was invited to a dinner party of a friend and old chum of mine, given in honor of his birth-day. Of course I attended. The viands were delicious, and the wines rosy, sparkling, and excellent; the segars smoked pleasantly, and Bacchus with his laughing attendants, Mirth and Jollity, sat at the head of the board. As we gaily quaffed the crimson juice, and the glasses were drained, the company became less restrained in their manners; the gibe soared, the merry laugh and cheerful song reverberated, and the anecdote and tale were circulated.

Our host was like myself a bachelor. His opinion of women, however, was very exalted, he could not be brought to think ill of any of the “dear creatures,” as he denominated the fair sex. I never could find out why he had not taken one of them to himself; but I fancy it was because he was fearful he might as a husband change his ideas of female excellence! Like most of the single living tribe, he had led in his earlier years an erratic life. He had travelled over the greater part of the globe, and like most travellers, he was fond of embellishing the recital of things he had seen, with things he had not seen. He was a good, hospitable, kind-hearted fellow as ever drew breath; pretending to no erudition, but with an abundance of good humour. To be sure he was a consummate egotist; but no one took offence at him for being so. He lived in perfect good will and amity with all persons; and he must indeed have been inclined to animadversion that would have thought him an object of reprehension.

Frequently have I been ready to exclaim with Sir John Falstaff, as I have heard him tell of his adventures, his accidents,

and his hair-breadth escapes by flood and field. "Lord! Lord! how this world is given to lying!" but not to laugh at such stories would have been to have ranked myself in the sombre list with "the severe Cato, the never laughing Cassius, the man-hating Timon, and the whining Heraclitus, who abhorred laughing, the action that is most peculiar to man."

"Well, gentlemen," said he as one of his guests concluded a very remarkable relation, "that last story puts me in mind of one almost as remarkable that I heard related in a village inn some years gone by."

"The story! the story!" exclaimed several voices.

"Well gentlemen, you must know," commenced our host, "that one cold, bleak, disagreeable afternoon in December, I was passing through Germantown, the little Dutch settlement, about five miles from this city; you all know the place?"

"Aye, Aye," cried a number of voices round the table.

"I was in my sulky, when, from some carelessness of mine, I was by a sudden and unexpected descent of the vehicle, fairly thrown out of it."

"Probably," said a queer looking old fellow at the bottom of the table, "from having indulged in too frequent libations to the jolly god."

"No, on my honor, gentlemen," said the narrator, "I never was less inebriated; I was as far from being so as I am at present."

"And that," interpolated the funny old gentleman before mentioned, "would'nt be saying much for you."

Mine host took the raillery all in good part, and laughed heartily, as did all his visitors at the last remark and proceeded: "The blow I received was so violent, and the injury the sulky sustained, by the horse running off after he had *landed* me so handsomely, left me no other alternative, than either to remain in Germantown for the night, or to make use of a wretched hard trotting horse to carry me to town. As I was fearful if I had recourse to the last expedient, I should, by the time I reached Philadelphia, be in a state little better than Strepsiades when Socrates was addressing the clouds in his presence, I wisely concluded to sojourn for the night at Germantown. Accordingly I took my way to the Red Lion inn. As I sat musing on things past, and anticipating the future, the moans of one as if in extreme anguish of mind fell upon my ear. The sound seemed to proceed from an adjoining room. On inquiring the occasion of it, I learned that the child of a young married couple who were travelling to the city, had been seized with convulsions on the road, and that it was to all appearance, expiring. It was not a feeling of curiosity, but really the honest wish to offer my services to the dis-

tressed parents that led me into their presence. Neither of them seemed to have reached their twenty-third year. The sick child lay upon two chairs, its little face distorted by its convulsions, while the mother knelt silently beside it with clasped hands, and that frozen look of concealed despair so horrible to a beholder. But

—————“Oh ! who can speak,
The anxious mother's too prophetic wo,
Who sees death feeding on her dear child's cheek,
And strives in vain to think it is not so?”

The wretched father said not a word, neither uttered a sigh nor a groan, but he strode up and down the room claspings his head. They were waiting for a physician. I retired to the window of the apartment that overlooked the road, for the double purpose of concealing my own agitation from the afflicted pair, as also to be the harbinger of the approach of the village Hippocrates. Ever and anon, the frantic father would approach me and inquire “He comes not? He comes not? he has no son, he is no parent; why is he so tardy, he will kill my child.” I endeavoured to console him, but this I felt was a useless task, for though I was no parent, I could well imagine a parent's feelings at such a period. Some time after I saw the doctor approaching. “I—he's coming, the doctor is here!” I exclaimed. The father gave but a glance at the window to be convinced, and then rushed out of the room towards him. “There, there he is!” he exclaimed, returning a minute after with the physician, if I may give so honorable an appellation to a village apothecary, a consequential little fellow. As the Doctor drew nigh to the little invalid the mother started from her posture, and with the expression of countenance of one whose life and death rests on the utterance of another, scarcely breathing, waited to catch the doctor's decision. “In a bad way,” said he pompously, feeling the child's pulse. “Do you, do you,” cried the mother, wishing yet affraid to ask the question, “think him in danger?” “Yes,” immediately replied the unfeeling vender of pills, “I believe him to be dying.” “Dying—oh!” articulated the distressed mother, and fell prostrate in a swoon upon the floor. “Oh God!” burst from the bosom of the father, and dropping his hand upon my shoulder, he wept.

“But tears have a quality of manhood in them
When shed for those we love.”

Starting from me he threw himself upon his knees. “Oh God of Mercy, who only chastens to amend,” prayed he, “if it be thy will to take from me my child, even so, amen, but spare, oh spare to me my wife, my Mary, let me not lose her too, crush not the bruised reed.” He could say no more. I have seen

many scenes of wo and anguish, but never one like that. Even the cold, insensible apothecary seemed touched. "The child may yet live," said he, "it is merely a suffocating fit caused by——" "He *may* live," cried the father, "may live, bless you—bless you for that word of hope." By applying some restoratives, the child after a time began to recover. "He begins to revive," said the Doctor. "What! what?" demanded the parent, leaving the side of his wife and hastening to the child, "ah! he does live; he moves his little arms." "Papa," cried the infant. "He speaks, he will be restored to us. Gracious God, I thank thee!" and burying his face in his hands he appeared devoutly engaged. After continuing in this posture for several minutes, he returned to the side of his wife. "Mary! Mary!" he cried, look up, our boy lives, he speaks. Mary! Mary! Mary!" The sounds of his accents brought her in a measure to her senses. "Who is it that calls me?" "It is I, Mary; it is Henry, your husband. Look here!" presenting the child to her. The mother seized the little one, pressed it with the convulsion of joy to her bosom. The child soon after appearing to be restored to its wonted health, the Esculapian retired; and fearing that I would be obtruding upon the privacy of the parents by remaining any longer with them, I followed his example.

"Well," said one of the guests, "as our host paused, there is nothing remarkable—nothing mysterious in your narration."

"No."

"You have not yet finished then?—You have more to tell us?"

"Assuredly."

"Let us hear it by all means."

"As mysterious as Mr. S——'s relation?"

"More remarkable than his; you shall judge."

"Have you no title for it?"

"No, but suppose I call it 'The Mysterious Little Gentleman.'"

"A good name, really," said several of the visitors, rubbing their hands with delight at the idea of an intellectual treat, wiping their glasses, and drawing closer to the table.

"To commence then," and he went on as follows.

THE MYSTERIOUS LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

"To a contemplative mind, the dusk of evening, when night is adjusting her cloak of obscurity, is the most pleasing hour to commune with our own thoughts—at least according to my ideas. So after I returned from the distressed parents, I sought my chamber. I had sat there for some time; perhaps for two or three hours, ruminating upon the occurrences of the day, when the sound of merry voices turned my thoughts into a dif-

ferent channel. Leaving my chamber, I took my way to the public room, where wagoners, ostlers, servants and pedlers, mingle indiscriminately together. You all know so well what the bar room of a village inn is, that it would only be irrelevant trouble for me now to enter into a description of the one I entered. A stove almost large enough to hold an ox, stood in the middle of the room, heated to such a degree that the side plates appeared like the shell of a boiled lobster, or an Alderman's cheeks, when dying of a surfeit after a public dinner, around which lay a number of sturdy labourers, wagoners, &c. whose noses emitted sounds so melodious and seraphic, that it would not be going too far to declare, that the oaten pipe of Bion never surpassed the harmony. In one corner of the room there lay a woolly-pated negro, rolled up like a hedge-hog, with his head so fixed, that his nose was turned up like a pig's when snuffing an approaching storm. My attention was principally directed to a table in a remote part of the room, surrounded by ten or twelve men who appeared of the ordinary cast of society, each with his pipe and flaggon of beer. It was the "Club of Story Tellers," of which you may have heard of before, gentlemen. The members of this club were lineal descendents of the Dutch settlers of Germantown, and followed the different occupations of hatters, shoe-makers, wagon-builders, tailors, black-smiths, schoolmasters, &c. and despised every thing that was vulgar, as much as the redoubtable club that met at the "Three Pigeons," and of which Tony Lumpkin held the honourable station of president. At the head of the table sat the principal, an obese-faced, bull-headed fellow, a black-smith, who seemed particularly fond of enforcing his "little brief authority," for ever and anon he would bring down on the table a little iron-capped mallet, that he held in his hand, and vociferate with stentorian lungs "Order." Over his head, and nailed against the wall, was a list of the members of the club, with their rules, badly written, but worse spelt. For my amusement I scribbled off a few of the rules, which I beg leave to submit to your hearing, gentlemen:

RULE I. The name of our Club to be "The Story-tellers' Club."

II. No person but of the first respectability to be admitted as a member.

III. It shall be the duty of every member present at each meeting to repeat a story; any member neglecting to do so, shall not be permitted to drink any beer for that evening, and also be fined such a sum as will pay for the liquor drank that night by the Club.

- IV. Any member using improper language shall be expelled.
- V. No member to tell more than two stories a night.
- VI. Any member that drinks more than three pints of beer, thereby making a beast of himself, shall either be expelled or fined according to the will of the president.

A loud knock on the table by the president was followed by his order to one of the club (the schoolmaster) to commence. "Gentlemen," said the member addressed, "the story I am about to relate was obtained from the mouth of our deceased companion Peter Trot; poor fellow, he related it to me just three days before his death.

"It was a cold, frosty, sunny day, when Peter Trot with a bundle of cloths under his arm, which he had just finished for a gentleman in —————, set out to deliver them, his receipts being so small, and his family so large, that he was unable to retain a coadjutor to assist him in his vocation. He saw his customer, and received the amount of his bill. Meeting with a number of his old friends there, Peet began to make merry, and he laughed and eat, and drank, and talked, until a little clock striking four, warned him to hasten home as he had many miles to travel, and on foot too. Bidding his friends a hearty good bye, he trudged quickly along the road, whistling and singing merrily as he went, taking the shortest ways homewards, through forests, across orchards, and over meadows. At length just as it was becoming dark, Peet reached that part of the Wissahickon Creek, where in the sombre rock that hangs over it is to be seen a cave,—you all know the spot?" "Yes, yes," quickly cried several voices, scarcely respiring and listening to the speaker with that breathless attention that almost begets agony. "That place," continued the schoolmaster digressing a little, and to all appearance purposely, "where the mountain on one side is covered with the birch, the light ash, and the beech, which seem to brush the clouds, and the dark, heavy and terrific rocks on the other, covered by brush-wood and dwarf trees frown on the water, so that scarcely ever a mild sun beam dances on the dark streamlet." "Yes, yes," said one of the club, petulantly, "we all know the place well enough;—the story, go on with the story." "Well, by the time Peet arrived at this place, he felt so very much fatigued by the exertion he had used to reach his home before night, that he sat down by the mouth of the cave to rest himself a little before he proceeded any further. He had not remained there many minutes, when what with weariness, and the liquor he had drank, he began to feel very sleepy. A little while

after, nod, nod, nod went his head, his eye-lids fell heavily over his visual orbs. Sight and consciousness forsook him, and he fell into as deep a slumber as ever did any one whose eyes have been touched by the leaden wand of the winged brother of death. When he awoke, the wind was whistling shrilly and dismally through the leafless branches of the trees, and snow was falling in fast flakes on the accumulating mass on the ground. Peet looked round him with the sickly eye of despair, in the hope to catch a glimpse of some twinkling light; but in vain! Nothing appeared to lessen the deep gloom that enveloped him, and the wind seemed to grow hoarser and hoarser. Peet was greatly terrified; independant of the horror of the night which might have affected one of a less cowardly disposition, he anticipated a rare clapper-clawing, and maybe blows from his *cara sposa*; who, like the wife of the renowned Wilhelmus the Testy, “was one of that peculiar kind of females, sent upon earth a little while after the flood, as a punishment for the sins of mankind, and commonly known by the appellation of *Knowing Women*.”

“Poor Trot!” said a blinking stolid looking member, with a sigh, who it was well known had a Xantippa of a wife, “in truth, Madge Trot is a devil in petticoats.”

“With a sad heart, a trembling step, and eyes partly closed, he proceeded towards his home. He endeavoured to sing, thinking to drown his fears and lighten the terrors of his journey; but the words stuck in his throat. Peet crossed the creek, climbed the mountain, and passing through stubble fields made his way into School-house lane. He was trudging along, no sounds meeting his ear but the howl of the blast, the creak, creak, creak, creak of the yielding snow beneath his feet, and the chattering of his teeth, when he descried in the distance, at intervals, a blue and white light, no larger in appearance than one of the lesser star-spangles that glitter on the scintillating mantle of the sister of Erebus. Our hero imagined that it was nothing less than the frightful dwarf who, as it was said lived in the cave on the banks of Wissahickon, and in winter nights wandered about the country adjacent to his abode, in the shape of a light, to seduce benighted travellers to his haunts. His blood congealed like a pond in the depth of winter, at the idea, and his hair stood on end like the bristles on a boar’s back, or, “quills upon the fretful porcupine.” The light approached nearer, and nearer, and nearer, and grew larger, larger, and larger. Peet’s terror increased when he found himself at a cross road, and so distant from any habitation, that he might cry out for help with a voice as loud as Stentor’s without its availing him any more than the embrace of a shipwrecked mariner’s, when he clasps the faithless billow for his protection. He thought his

hour had arrived, and ejaculated a prayer. The light after a little while was so near to him, that he perceived it was emitted from a lantern, held in the hand of a fair Pigmy;—a man not more than four feet in stature, with a face not unlike a dirty piece of drab cloth, long, and compressed so much below the temples as almost brought his chin to a point. His nose was more aquiline than an eagle's, if possible. Round his mouth there lurked a curious expression, which greatly resembled the smile of a misanthrope. The whole region of his countenance was marked with deep furrows, but whether the offspring of irascibility, calamity, or thought, would have been difficult for the speculative, scrutinizing spectator to determine. On his nose was a large pair of green spectacles, and his head was surmounted by a three cornered cocked hat, from underneath which was seen to stray a silver lock of hair. Boots, leather breeches, and a round-bellied coat completed his apparel.

"A cold night," said Peet, addressing him, his fears a little diminished at the sight of the man, and hoping by his salutation to mollify any evil intentions he might have towards him. "The grave is colder," returned the stranger, in a hollow unearthly tone." "Eee!" exclaimed the astonished knight of the thimble and bodkin, his blood running like currents of ice through his veins, his heart jumping to his throat and his knees knocking against each other like family jars at the shock of an earthquake, as he heard the sepulchral sound of the awful words of the mysterious noctovigent, his fears giving rise to the idea that it was a ghost that stood before him. "Can you tell me the hour?" demanded the little gentleman. "His time is most out," thought Peet, "they keep punctual hours below, I take it—I must humour him though." He drew from his fob, a large, substantial, turnip-shaped watch, which was an heir-loom, and holding it to the lamp, saw not by black figures as usual, but blood-red characters, that it was the twelfth hour of the night.

"'Tis twelve o'clock," said Peet, endeavouring to speak with nonchalance.

"One day less."

"How?"

"We are a day less in the annals of life!" quickly returned the stranger. "A stride nearer to the grave; twenty four hours riper for eternity—eternity, mark!" Before Peet had recovered from the astonishment the words of the mysterious gentleman had occasioned, he had disappeared! Creak, creak, creak, creak, creak again went the snow under his feet, as with greater speed than before he accelerated his progress homeward.

Reaching his home, loudly and repeatedly did he knock against the door for admittance; for a while his clamour was unheeded;

at length Mrs. Trot, projected her head from the window above, and demanded in none of the most pleasant of voices, who it was that disturbed the house. "It is I, 'sweet wife,' your husband." "My husband! well, if it is my silly man, he must learn better than to be breaking one's rest at this hour of the night. You get no entrance here, I promise you." "But wife--". His spouse was inexorable, and he departed in search of a place to lay his head.

Peet Trot, as has already been intimated, was not well acquainted with the fondness locked up in woman's love, and he was so plagued with bawling children, that he was heard often to exclaim with the old bard Drummond, of whom, by the bye he knew no more than he did of Arabic, but like Puff, he had the honour of making use of the idea of that great poet: "How many troubles are with wives and children born!" Whenever he was slack in work, and his wife was obstreperous, he was wont to take his angle and wicker-basket, and saunter down to the Schuylkill, where he would while away some hours in gudgeoning the piscatory tribe.

It was one summer's morning that Trot's wife was unusually cross. The young Trots had been very unruly in church the day before; they had dared to laugh at seeing a large pig running grunting up the aisle. Mrs. Trot had too much of the christian in her to flog the youngsters on the lord's day; she merely sent them supperless to bed, informing them for their consolation and reflection, that a rod was in pickle for them. Peet seeing the trembling disrobed culprits standing before his rib, who preparatory to her laying the rod of chastisement upon them, was delivering a lecture on the heinous crime they had committed in indulging their risibility in the holy sanctuary, had too much sympathy for them to remain at home, so he took down his fishing rod, and wended his way to the Falls of Schuylkill. When he reached the river, he borrowed from one of his acquaintances a small skiff, and rowed for one of the many rocks which form the Falls, and appear above the water like the protuberances of the sea serpent in Boston Bay. Making fast his boat, and propping himself on the pinnacle of the little island, he prepared his bait and hook, and adjusted his line in the water. Somehow the fish would'nt bite. In vain did he bait his hook afresh, ever and anon, with the most tempting morsels. Fastening his rod in one of the cavities, he reclined on the rock, with the luxurious indolence of that testy philosopher Diogenes, either watching his red cork bobbing up and down in the current, or the indistinct figures of the snipe on the opposite shore, picking the worms out of the mud. Peet's head became dizzy by looking at his cork dancing on the sun-silvered water, and before he had time

to recover himself, he rolled from the rock into the water. The tailor could not swim. He kicked, threw up his hands and endeavoured to hallow for help, but was unable. The water rushed in torrents down his throat, sounding in his ears more loud and worse than the concentrated sounds of a hundred Niagaras. The cerulific sky vanished from his sight, and the next instant all was green—green—green. His foot touched the bottom of the river, a struggle brought him to the surface—he opened his mouth—an unnatural sound proceeded from him—a flood descended into his breast—he sunk—deeper—deeper—sense and strength forsook him.

Peter Trot was not to be drowned. A person from the opposite shore beheld him fall into the stream. Hastening to the spot where Peet had disappeared he essayed to rescue him from a watery grave, succeeded in his attempt, and bore him to land. What was our hero's astonishment, when opening his eyes he beheld the Mysterious Little Gentleman, (the person who had drawn him from the water) leaning over him. He thought it was a phantom of his brain; he closed his eyes, but when he opened them the phantom was still before him.

“Where am I?” exclaimed the saturated taylor.

“Your pulse beats—the warm blood meanders through your veins—you are—”

“Where?”

“On *earth*,” emphatically said the stranger.

Peet's eyes dilated and projected from his head like a crab's.

“Death,” and a singular expression of countenance was visible as the dwarf uttered the monosyllable, “claimed you for his victim; but humanity interceded, he heard and restored his prize. He does not so always, remember *that*—remember too there is *another* world.”

“Yes,” said Peet, giving way to the natural bent of his mind to indulge a joke. “I am not likely to forget that I was going there by water not many minutes ago.” Lo! when he concluded the Mysterious Little Gentleman was gone! As such foolish folks as himself often do, Peet rubbed his eyes so lustily, that the water streamed from his melting orbs like rain from off the bosom of the lily, serving rather to dim, than brighten his optics. When he reached his home and was repeating in truly dolorous tones his misfortunes, how he had been saved from a watery grave by a ghost, with whom he had been “holding colly,” (a favourite expression of poor Trot's) instead of addressing him in a tone of commiseration his wife said with ‘frowning look,’ “Mr. Trot, when you again go out and come home sich a beast, with sich lies in your mouth, I'll not let you get off scott free.—You *know* me, Mr. Trot. “I do indeed,” returned he with a sigh.—

Trot was returning home after the breaking up of the club one evening when he was overtaken by a storm of the most fearful kind. The star-studded firmament became covered with thick clouds, which deepened as they rolled on, and darkness soon shrouded creation with her deep black curtain. Then for a time a dead silence reigned over the scene. No breath of air was felt, the leaf on the bough was still, bush nor tree, scion nor shrub vibrated. It was such a stillness as precedes the utterance of an irascible man when infuriated. Soon however the coal blackness of the sky became suddenly illuminated by sheets of lightning, and the silence was broken by the rolling of thunder. The hoarse, dark wind howled through the leafy trees, which tossed their heads to and fro, and the old oak and lofty chesnut creaked with the violence of the tempest, and the rain descended in sheets. Onward Peet proceeded. The thunder still continued to break in peals over his head, and the lightning dashed down the horizon like the hot lava leaving the sides of the belching Hecla, and seemed to roll in volumes along the ground at his feet. The hurricane increased each moment; it seemed as if the very elements were combatting for mastery. No vestige of human habitation was near; and he was just by a cemetery. He determined to go no further, but abide the issue of the storm under the shelter of a large willow tree in the grave yard—flying from the fire of a musket to the throat of a cannon: but Peet knew nothing of the principles of philosophy. Accordingly he climbed up the tree, amidst its umbrageous branches to await a cessation of the tempest, while he was tossed up and down by the violence of the wind, like a sailor in his hammock by the drunken reels of his vessel. Peet had not long remained in this exalted situation, when he heard a clap of thunder so loud that it seemed as if this great globe of ours was about being clove asunder; Crack—crack, and the next instant a large oak near him, burst forth into a blaze of lurid-blue light. It was a magnificent and sublime sight to see the scathed tree, enveloped in flames, while its branches were with fury thrown backwards and forwards, like giants amidst surrounding flames, opposing their strength to the fury of the wild element. A little while after, Peet beheld the same small twinkling light that he had seen on his return from ———, before mentioned. “Good God!” exclaimed the trembling wight, “for what am I reserved!” The light approached nearer and nearer, until he discovered that it was the Mysterious Little Gentleman, with a lamp in his hand and a bundle under his arm which he deposited under the tree that concealed him. But who can imagine his feelings when he saw by the lamp-light that the bundle which the little gentleman had laid upon the earth was a child’s coffin, beside a new made grave! Peet would

have spared one part of his body to have gotten away with the other. "My child! my child!" exclaimed the stranger in a tone of anguish, throwing himself across the coffin. "That don't seem much like a ghost," said Peet to himself, and bending over to get a more distinct view of the Mysterious Little Gentleman, he lost his equilibrium, and fell to the ground.

"Who's there?" exclaimed the stranger, starting to his feet. "A man!--Come you to see a father lay his only child in the grave? Yes, sweet one, no hands but mine shall perform the funeral rites."

"No," returned Peet, recovering himself, "I did not *come* to see, nor did I wish to *fall* in with you."

"Do you say there is happiness in the world? I asseverate, no! Death walks hand in hand with man, and strikes when least expected; wo, want, scathe, ruin and desolation are his works. See--see (pointing to the coffin) there lies my child, shrouded and encoffined--my only child. Oh! he was a flower, such as rarely blossoms. Who nipt my child? Death, death, inexorable death! But he (siezing Peet by the hand and pointing upwards.) He is **THERE!** *He* has penetrated the grand mystery of mankind. *He* has seen earth--he *knows* eternity. What is hereafter? Who can tell? What is death?"

"Indeed I don't know," said Peet, thinking it necessary to say something.

The little gentleman looked at Trot for a few moments, then silently deposited the remains of his child in the ground, threw over it the loose earth, and retired, without further noticing the tailor.

The storm had now abated, Peet hastened home and was soon in the arms of Morpheus." Our host paused.

The interest of the recital of my friend had increased, the nearer he came to a finish; so when he had concluded, the guests had stretched forward their necks as much as possible, towards the speaker, their wine-filled glasses unsipped in their hands, and their segars gone quite out.

"Well!" exclaimed the visitors simultaneously.

My friend gave a knowing nod.

"Is that all?" cried several voices, resuming their position, and their countenances assuming some such a look as the dog in the fable, when endeavouring to grab the shadow in the stream, he lost the substance.

"All." said mine host with a provoking smile.

"Impossible!"

"No more, I assure you, gentlemen."

"And the Mysterious Little Gentleman was——"

"Just whom you may please to make him," said mine host.

E. R.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MARY IRVINE.

THERE is a virtue in the constancy of a woman's affection, which we are forced to admire, even in its excess. She has feelings peculiar to herself. While man turns coldly away from the object of his former love, woman remains firm in her attachment, even amidst the keenest injuries, and most chilling neglect. If she is abused, she pines in secret, and not only conceals the very cause of the grief that rankles in her bosom, but will even bless and cherish the hand that planted it there. O, that such a heart should ever be wrecked by neglect; that such loveliness should perish by the very hand that was pledged to nourish it, and that love, pure as that which first made Eden smile, should be blighted by a misplaced affection, and the heart that cherished it wither away to an untimely grave—a sad memento of abused virtue.

Perhaps in the following story the reader will recognise some truth. It is one of no uncommon occurrence, and may probably recall to his mind some incident of a similar nature in the sphere of his own knowledge.

Mary Irvine was an only child of respectable parents, who although somewhat limited in circumstances, brought her up with all the care and fondness which parents are apt to bestow upon the chief or only object of their mutual affection. She was the idol of their hearts, and her father watched the early promises of his child with a fondness savouring of enthusiasm.

“How like a new existence to his heart,
Uprose that living flower beneath his eyes!
Dear as she was, from cherub infancy,
From hours when she would round his garden play
To time as when the ripening years went by,
Her lovely mind would culture well repay,
And more engaging grew from day to day.”

At an early age she was placed at a boarding school in the nearest town, where her improvement realized the fondest hopes of her parents and tutor. It was here she became acquainted with a young man of genteel appearance by the name of Wallace. Although she had all the maiden bashfulness of her age and sex, she received his attentions with an openness and inno-

cence of heart which fluttered the hopes of her admirer. He became more and more attached to her. Pleased with his deportment and the many kind favours he bestowed on her, she unconsciously became in love with him. She soon after left school and returned to her parents. He followed, and ventured to visit her at her own home. She was not yet sixteen, and her parents treated him with a cold politeness which showed very evidently that his attentions were not acceptable to them. They found however, that their daughter was attached to him in a degree sufficient to alarm them. They remonstrated with her, and told her Mr. Wallace was a stranger, and she much too young to indulge a serious affection for any young man. Wallace was at length forbade the house, and every means resorted to for the purpose of weaning the affection of their daughter from him.

Favourite books were bought for her perusal ; she was indulged with various kinds of rational amusement ; but all in vain. Their intimacy was too far advanced ; their affections had become too firmly united together to be easily removed. Mary evinced a silent displeasure at the marked coldness, or what she considered the severity of her parents towards her favourite. She loved them ; she looked up to them, as the kind and watchful guardians of her youth, and wept that she should have a feeling not entirely in unison with theirs, a love in which they did not unite.

The banishment of Wallace did not terminate the interviews of the young lovers. They still met clandestinely, and the restrictions which prevented them from seeing each other as often as formerly, rendered their stolen visits only the more dear. He ventured to propose a union with her. Mary trembled at the proposal, for notwithstanding her strong affection, she had never given the subject a serious thought. She made no other reply than that she would submit it to her parents. She could not think of taking so bold a step without their consent or knowledge. But Wallace represented to her how futile it would be, and at once expressed a doubt of her affection. " Mary" said he "the question is for you alone; it must be decided by yourself." Her feelings were overcome, she leaned on his arm in silence while her tears trickled down upon his hand. She raised herself, and was about leaving him ; but he held her hand and said, in an emphatic tone " Once more, Mary, let me know your answer now, or we part forever." She pressed his hand to her bosom, and could hardly speak loud enough to say—" I am willing."

They parted, but Mary's mind was far from being tranquil. She almost shuddered at the answer she had given when she thought upon her parents. She knew she was an only child

and the pride of their hopes ; she remembered their dislike for Wallace, and their advice, and now she was about taking an irrevocable step against their will and without their knowledge. It was not long, however, before they were married. The wedding was secret, but it soon spread abroad, and reached the ears of Mary's parents. It was almost a death blow to them, for they had never known their daughter to act contrary to their will before. And while they looked upon it as a withdrawal of the affection she had always exhibited for them, they still felt a tender regard for their child's welfare. They represented to her the impropriety of the rash act, but received nothing but silent tears, in reply. They finally thought it better to yield quietly to what was now too late to remedy.

For awhile nothing could exceed the happiness of the young couple. They enjoyed in the smiles of each others affection all that their fancies had ever pictured of connubial felicity. They saw in each others society a world of bliss, and their little home seemed a terrestrial paradise. Mary's parents became reconciled and while they smiled on the sweet contentment of the joyous pair, they could not but censure themselves for their former opposition to their marriage. There seemed to be throughout the little circle a perfection of bliss which they had never experienced before, but it was soon to be terminated. These blessings were like the ripeness of autumnal flowers that bloom forth in that maturity of loveliness which is ever the harbinger of a sudden decay.

In a short time Wallace's affection grew weaker, he had long been acquainted with a society of thoughtless young men whose time and money were chiefly devoted to taverns, and gambling houses. All this had been unknown to Mary and her parents ; and during the first eight or ten months there could not have been a more kind and affectionate husband. But now nothing could restrain his licentious propensities. As his affection for Mary diminished, his desire for revelling with his old companions returned, and he gave himself up almost entirely to their society. Mary's father in the mean time died ; and her mother who was never contented in the absence of her daughter, concluded to spend the remainder of her days with the young couple. She beheld with pain the absence of those kind little attentions which at first fell from Wallace towards his wife ; and which tend so much to sweeten the ties of married life. At home he had become sullen and morose ;—said little, and would not suffer the least reproach to pass with impunity.

Mary smiled on him with her usual tenderness, hung upon his neck when he returned in the evening, and while she parted the

dark locks on his brow, would ask "Why those gentle features no longer wore the pleasing smile that used to enliven them?" Wallace would look up and catch the mild expression of her soft blue eyes, and turn his head away in silence.

His conduct had now become no longer equivocal to the mother. It shewed that he neither regarded the happiness of his wife, nor the reputation of his own character. He seldom returned home before midnight, and often remained out till day break. Mary sat lonely and melancholy, night after night, weeping by the flickering lamp, eagerly catching the sound of every footstep in hopes it might be her husband. Often would she go to the door to watch, while all without was darkness and gloom, not a house open, not a solitary foot-step near, and as she closed it, would wonder, with a sigh, why his affection did not hasten him home sooner. Little did he dream, while in the wretched abodes of vice with his equally guilty companions, that he was causing the heart of one, who should be most dear to him, to mourn in silent sorrow. Little did he think during his fitful gleams of pleasure, that there was one whom he had vowed to love and honor, wasting away the little measure of comfort which grief and disappointment spared her. But intemperance steels the heart equally against tenderness and reproach: it is listless of the song of sorrow, or the warning voice of admonition.

Mary was not calculated to stand this severity long. Her mother beheld with pain the fading features of her lovely child. The roses no longer looked flush upon her cheeks: her soft blue eyes grew dim; her frame was gradually wasting away, and that countenance, which formerly beamed so brightly with love and cheerfulness, was now settled down into a gloom of foreboding melancholy. Her mother, under the influence of these circumstances, ventured to expostulate with Wallace; but he darted a disdainful look upon her, and replied coldly—"Madam, this is my house, if you are not pleased with it, you know the alternative." Then turning with a haughty air he left the room. Mary burst into tears, and begged for her sake, her mother would say no more to her husband on that subject; then burying her face in her mother's lap, she added, "I cannot think he does not love me: I know he has too good a heart to deceive me." Her mother mingled her tears with the daughter's, and they both wept in silence.

Mary's illness increased and she was soon after confined to her bed. Her mother now hoped there would be some alteration in Wallace's conduct, and once more represented to him the alarming situation of his wife. But he still displayed the same

hardened coldness ; and seldom visited her chamber except when particularly requested.

There is an unnatural apathy exhibited by some individuals which seems to grow by indulgence into a fixed habit, rendering the heart impervious to the most affecting appeals of humanity, and to be melted only by some extraordinary circumstance purposely wrought by the hand of Providence. This seemed to be the case with Wallace; for lovely as was his wife in health and affectingly interesting as she was in sickness, he neither considered her an object of his love nor his pity. And she, like a forgiving angel, bore it all in silence. Not a murmur or complaint did she ever utter against her delinquent husband ; for she still loved him. Often would she take her little infant in her arms, and as she imagined she saw a resemblance of Wallace portrayed in its innocent little features, would kiss its rosy cheeks, and vent her feelings in sighs and tears.

One evening a sudden change took place in her disease and she was considered dangerous. Wallace was absent, he was sent for, but could not be found, again they searched, but without effect. She grew worse every moment, her breath grew shorter and she was not expected to live another hour. She was resigned. "But Wallace, my dear, dear Wallace," she sighed in weak broken accents, "how can I die without seeing thee? I feel, I feel that I cannot live long. Oh! that my Wallace were here! one last, last farewell to him, and thee, dear child—" Her voice here failed, and as she clasped her hands together across her breast, she was heard to whisper a short prayer in which Wallace's name was mentioned. In a few minutes she was much recovered, and appeared more tranquil in her mind. At her request her mother then repeated that beautiful hymn of Watts', of which the following is a verse,

"Jesus can make a dying bed,
Feel soft as downy pillows are ;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

The night was passed in the stillness of the grave. Not a voice echoed in the quiet mansion, and her mother sat patiently, but with an anxious countenance, on the bed side, administering such little necessities as were required.

Day-light at length broke through the windows, but Wallace had not yet arrived. The unfortunate victim struggled effectually with death. Nature seemed to have exhausted her powers, but the soul still lingered in the frail tenement, like a spirit waiting to perform its last office before winging its flight to sublimer realms. She lay in the silence of the grave, gazing vacant-

ly through the eastern lattice on a few of those light floating clouds which sometimes linger in the blue heavens after the opening dawn,—the remnants of a gloomy night, which melt away before the rising sun beam, and leave a bright unchequered day. She was probably likening the simile to herself, when a noise below betokened the arrival of Wallace. Her countenance brightened up as she heard his name mentioned, a hectic glow suffused her cheeks, her eyes were fixed upon the door, and as he entered, she made a sudden effort to rise and meet him. Wallace approached her, and as he knelt down by the bed side, she threw her weak arms around his neck, and they both wept bitterly. This was the first time Wallace shed tears for his wife, or seemed to feel the least concerned for her situation. When he raised himself, a pleasing smile shone through the tears that hung upon her cheeks. After looking tenderly on him for a short time, she said in a soft weak tone—"Now, Wallace, I am happy." Then attempting to place the infant in his arms, she continued. "Be a father to this little one; sweet innocent! it can no longer have a mother. Wallace you have come to witness the last, last moments."

"Heaven forbid, my Mary, my lovely Mary," cried Wallace, who had until now been silent, "you cannot, shall not die."

But the repentance was too late, his kindness or his wishes could not restore her to health. As well might he have attempted to renew the verdure of the tender plant which the tempests have bent to the ground, whose blossoms are decayed, and the vital source of its existence destroyed.

Her struggles were now in reality the last symptoms of her disease. Placing one hand in her husband's, the other in her mother's, she was just heard to say "I die happy; farewell my mother, farewell dear Wallace, may the Lord favour thy end as he does mine; trust in him: farewell! fare——."

Wallace kissed the last word from her lips, and throwing his arms around the neck of the beautiful corpse, he poured out the anguish of his soul in a flood of tears. He kissed again and again the pale lips which still had the smile of death upon them; after putting also the lips of the unconscious infant to those of its mother, he gave a deep look upon the faded corpse, and as he retired to the room he burst out—"Farewell, lovliest of angels, farewell!"

He now felt the loss of that amiable being he had treated so shamefully; and his conscience told him he was the fatal cause of her death. There is no calamity so painful as that which will not even admit of hope as a remedy.

Her funeral was attended by many sincere mourners. Every

eye spoke for the heart, and indicated the strong affection that existed for the deceased. Wallace walked alone, in deep mourning. Before the earth was thrown upon the coffin he scattered over it a few of the favourite flowers which Mary had cultivated with so much care and fondness. After witnessing the narrow grave closed forever, he gave a deep sigh and departed.

Wallace became a sincere penitent. His little infant, which was also called Mary, bore a strong resemblance to its mother, and he dwelt upon its sweet countenance with a melancholy rapture. He discarded all his late companions, and now became a constant attendant at church. The last words of his wife were neatly inserted in a circle formed by a lock of her hair, which he preserved with her miniature. It was one of the tokens of their first love. The grave did not remain unvisited. Not a sabbath passed, that the repentant husband did not visit the sacred spot, and pray that he might be laid at her side.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FAMILY PRIDE.—PEDANTRY.—NATIONAL LITERATURE.

I happened the other day to make a visit to a friend, and was unexpectedly, and indeed against my inclination, introduced to some company fortuitously collected together in the parlour. I had merely intended to have seen my friend and his family; but as I was condemned to endure the presence and conversation of strangers, I determined like other philosophers, to turn what I should hear to the best account. When I returned home, I reduced it to writing, and can therefore report it with tolerable faithfulness.

My friend is an Irishman, and though a man of good family, he is nevertheless, a determined enemy to the empty vanity of family pride. There sat next him a lady of whose propensities in this respect, he seemed to be aware, and as she was on this occasion disposed to mount her hobby, he was determined to give her all the opposition, which he could find on this side of politeness, and at the same time with all the good humour, he could possibly impress into his servise. The lady had made several observations on the high respectability of her family and connexions, totally irrelevant, as I conceived, to the business she had come to settle.

“Mr. Melmor’s family, sir,” said she, “is well known in this

city, and as to my own, when I mention the name of Dumshauchlin, I believe it is quite sufficient to de——” “Perfectly sufficient, madam,” interrupted my friend, “to demonstrate their high claims,——” “On the gratitude of the country, sir,” said Mrs. Melmor. “A very fair ground, madam” replied my friend, “for that honourable principle, which enables us to hold the profanum vulgus at a distance; to repel, *in limine*, their first approaches, and keep them in the obscurity and dirt, which certainly was intended to be their lot, in the original frame of society.” “Yet; for this very principle, sir, which you describe, these creatures call us proud, and haughty, and what not.” “Envy, madam, sheer envy.” “Perhaps sir, you might add the two other passions associated with it, hatred and malice.” “I charitably hope not, madam; in fact, when these people consider the various claims to *distinction* and *elevation*, possessed by the——” “On my honor, sir,” interrupted Mrs. Melmor, “you seem to know the nature of these claims exceedingly well, and to be much more intimately acquainted with the distinctions of society, than I had any——” “I perfectly comprehend you, madam,” returned my friend; “you supposed, that the person whom you honoured with your conversation, had not mingled in the noble, or let us say, the aristocratic or better walks of society; far less, had been a member of these distinguished classes—but know, madam, that humble as my condition here, is; humble, yet independent; there awaits me madam, there awaits my claims, madam, a title transmitted to me through a long line of illustrious ancestors, in the concistorial court of *Clogher*.”

“Of where? sir,” asked the lady with some surprise, and with a vacant stare, indicative of her total ignorance of the geography of the place my friend had mentioned.

“Of the bishoprick of *Clogher*, in Ireland, madam,——”

“Oh sir, I beg a thousand——”

“Yes, madam, waiting my claims if I should ever think proper to——”

“Pardon me, sir,” again said Mrs. Melmor, “I assure you I meant not the slightest——”

“And what is more, madam, a noble estate, unjustly and cruelly confiscated by the English Vice——”

“Not the slightest offence in the world, sir; far be it from a daughter of Dominick Dumshauchlin, himself an undoubted gentleman, and descended from the great——”

“By the English Viceroy Wentworth, madam, in the reign of Charles I.; and it was but a poor consolation to my family, that this unjust servant, of an unjust master, expiated some of the offences of his administration, afterwards on the——”

“The fate of the earl of Strafford was nevertheless, sir,” replied the lady, “in some respects to be deplored.” “Perhaps madam, so it might,” said my friend, “but I appeal to your own sense of justice——.” Here however, before he could finish his appeal, which I perceived he was shaping in the tone and language of conciliation, our attention was drawn to the other side of the room, where the conversation had assumed rather an animated cast. Mrs. Melmor indeed, had no objection to give up a debate, in which all her claims to the remote antiquity of her ancestry were sure to be *outdone* by her voluble but polite antagonist.

As well as a divided attention to the discussion on the other side of the room would permit me to collect, I found it to arise from a testy old gentleman’s playing upon some words that fell from my friend, in the course of conversation. “*Odi profanum vulgus*, as Flaccus says; you know the rest, Ephraim?” said the old gentleman to his nephew. “Flaccus!” said a lady near him, “Oh! that’s the author so often quoted by the pedantic Bradwardine in *Waverley*; but I could never find out who he is——” “A Roman poet, madam,” said old Mr. Gerund, “who rejoiced in this agnomen; for the Romans generally had three names; the first, was the pronomen, the second was the nomen, and the third the agnomen; thus,” continued he, pointing with the fore finger of his right hand, to three of the fingers of the left, “the poet mentioned was known as Quintus, Horatius, Flaccus,——” “Oh! Horace,” said the lady, who was a little ashamed of her ignorance; “had the old pedantic baron mentioned Horace at once, we should all have known whom he meant.” “Pardon me, madam, replied the inexorable cynic, “if I venture to say the term pedantic is not well applied here:—the writer of these light works, termed the *Waverley* novels, never drew so fine a character as Bradwardine; so thoroughly consistent, so well supported; nor can I believe he ever will. To some indeed, the display of the baron’s learning, may seem to border on pedantry, but these reminiscences delight, they charm the classic reader, ‘*olim meminisse juvabit*’; and as a good old song says,

——‘And good humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome the vicar.’”

“But independently” continued old Gerund, looking round the room, and perceiving he had the entire attention of my friend and his company, which he was determined, most mercilessly to keep, “independently of the intrinsic *beauty* of literature, let us consider its *importance* to a nation. We may suppose such a calamity to overtake the world, as took place at the extinction of the Roman empire; we may suppose the fall of

civilized nations, and a general wreck of the works of man. In such a case what is it that would be most likely to preserve the memory of a nation from total oblivion. Is it I would ask, to the column, the arch or the frieze; to the symmetry of the statue, or the richness and proportion of the entablature, that we are indebted for what we know of the Greeks and Romans. Far from it: it is their literature that has preserved their fame. I grant that even the dilapidated remains of their public works, furnish proof of their inimitable skill and perfection, in architecture and sculpture. And here" continued Gerund, in a strain of incessant volubility that knew neither mercy nor moderation, "here it is curious to observe also, that without any works of the Grecian pencil to judge by, we nevertheless defer to the Greeks a high degree of excellence in painting, for this very cogent reason, that the same Greek writers, that have designated their architecture and sculpture as excellent, have assigned to their painting the same character. Of the former we have seen corroborative proofs, in the works preserved to us; of the latter therefore we have a right to believe the report, though no corroborative proofs remain. In this we have a further proof of the value and importance of a nation's literature, and certainly, it behoves every age, in every nation, narrowly to watch the state of the national literature, to remove all the obstacles which retard, and to supply all the facilities which may promote its advancement." "*We must look, Sir.*" continued the old man, addressing my friend, and enthusiastically warmed with his subject, "we must look to posterity, even to a remote posterity, and remember the words of Sallust,

"Memoriam nostri, quam maxime longam officere."

W.

(*To be continued.*)

FROM THE BRITISH LADY'S MAGAZINE.

SKETCH OF THE CELEBRATED DUCHESS OF NEW-CASTLE.

A slight sketch of the life of this celebrated lady will strikingly prove the advantage of rank and station to temporary literary celebrity, and their complete inability to secure lasting attention. If happiness consists in being perpetually well deceived, as some will have it, the subject of this article, in her character

of author, was the happiest woman in the world ; for during the latter part of her life she breathed, as it were, in an atmosphere of incense. The existence of such individuals may be said to glide away in a vision: to them, death is merely the termination of a pleasant dream, and they peaceably pass from one state of being to another, as ignorant nearly of that which they leave, as of that to which they are going. It fortunately happens that although the vain are sometimes unfeeling, they are seldom flagrantly vicious ; nay, their folly is occasionally tempered with some very fine qualities ; and although we do not much admire advancing the doctrine, we fear that of these qualities even vanity is sometimes the parent. In truth, it is not always expedient to canvas this matter too closely, since we often discover some very silly incentives assuming the name of wisdom or virtue, and fighting in the same cause.

Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, the youngest daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, a gentleman of ancient family and of great fortune in the county of Essex, was born about the latter part of the reign of James I. Sir Charles, dying young, left his children to the care of his widow, a lady of great beauty and accomplishments, who attended to their education with exceeding assiduity. If we are to believe what is recorded on the tomb of her celebrated daughter, she eminently succeeded ; for it was observed of them, in after-life, that “ all the men were valiant, and all the women virtuous.” From her infancy, Miss Margaret Lucas was pecculiarly devoted to literature ; and it is to be lamented that she had not the strong education of the preceding generation of females, which would have extended her knowledge and corrected her taste. In 1643, she attended the court of Charles I. for the first time, and, on account of the distinguished loyalty of her family, as well as her own accomplishments, was appointed a maid of honour to the queen, and in that capacity attended her when obliged, by the civil war, to quit England. In Paris she met the Marquis of Newcastle, then a widower, who was led to pay her particular attention out of friendship to her brother, the gallant and unfortunate Lord Lucas. Particular attention to a young and beautiful woman is seldom paid without a succession of consequences. In the present instance, the Marquis was quickly induced to make serious proposals to Miss Lucas, which were accepted, and their union took place in 1645. After their marriage, the marquis and marchioness, left Paris, and resided six months at Rotterdam, whence they removed to Antwerp, in which city they enjoyed, in a calm and pleasant retirement, as much happiness as their ruined fortunes would admit. Although the marquis was highly esteemed for his rank and high character, both

by his own countrymen and by foreigners, and consequently had much attention paid to him. he very much confined himself to the company of his lady, in whose talents and conversation he found an inexhaustible fund of amusement. His high sense of her value is displayed in several elegant compliments and addresses, which, however fantastic and affected in some instances, seem to have sprung from real gratitude and admiration. Unfortunately, during their abode in Antwerp, they felt the pressure of pecuniary embarrassment; an exigency which obliged the marchioness to come over to England. Her view was to obtain some of the marquis's rents; but she could not procure a grant from the rulers of those times to receive the slightest portion out of his ample inheritance, and, but for the generosity of Sir Charles Cavendish, herself and husband must have been involved in extreme poverty. Having at last, however, by her influence and intreaty, obtained a considerable sum from their relatives on each side, she returned to Antwerp: where she continued with her husband until the restoration, and employed her leisure in composing several of the works which were afterwards printed.

When, upon the return of Charles II., the marquis became restored to his fortunes and country, he left his lady some little time abroad to arrange his affairs; which having done with great prudence and dispatch, she followed him to England. Both these facts, namely, her journey to England in the first place, and her remaining at Antwerp to settle business there, prove this lady to have possessed considerable abilities in worldly transactions; and those only who have experienced the aid of a consort of integrity, activity, and address, in vicissitude and embarrassment, know the value of such an assistant. In the Marchioness of Newcastle this happy capability was joined to a very soul-engrossing attention to literature, and was, therefore, the more remarkable: their junction is very unusual in either sex.

The remainder of this lady's life (now become a duchess) was spent in the luxuriance of high rank, ample fortune, and *voluntary* literary employment. The fruits of the latter appeared in letters, plays, poems, philosophical discourses, and orations. She was so systematic in this respect, that she kept a number of young ladies about her person, who occasionally wrote what she dictated. To these young ladies, as her spirit was munificent, she was very generous; but it must be confessed that their employment must have been sometimes very unpleasant, as some of them slept in a room next to the duchess, that they might be ready, at the call of her bell, to rise at any hour of the night to take down her conceptions, lest they should escape her memory.

To these fair scribes the fruitfulness of her Grace's imagination must have been a source of frequent vexation, especially as she was sometimes a little hasty and peevish. It will not be surprising that in this way thirteen folios were produced, ten of which have been printed. The duke had similar predilections. "Of all the riders of Pegasus" observes Horace Walpole, "there has not been a more fantastical couple than his Grace and his faithful duchess, who was never off her pillion." The life of the duke, her husband, is the most estimable of her productions, but abounds in trifling circumstances. The touches on her own character are curious: she says, "That it pleased God to command his servant, Nature, to *indue* her with a poetical and philosophical genius, even from her birth, for she did write some books of that kind before she was twelve years of age." "It unfortunately happened that, though the duchess had written philosophy, she had read none," adds Mr. Walpole; "for at the age of forty, she informs us, that she applied to the perusal of philosophical authors *in order to learn the terms of art.*" Revision, it seems, she declined, because it disturbed her following conceptions. It must be confessed this is an admirable recipe for writing voluminously.

It would be taking up too much of our room to insert a list of this eccentric lady's productions. It may be sufficient to observe, that they consist of Orations, Philosophical Essays and Opinions, Sociable Letters innumerable, Plays in which the duke sometimes assisted, Poems and Phansies, and his Grace's life, styled by Langbain "the crown of her labours." Her Grace's pretensions to philosophical knowledge were doubtless absurd; but, extravagant as are many of her other productions it has been allowed that she possessed imagination, invention, and wit. Her literary works and character are now disregarded; but some extracts which Mr. Stevens the editor of Shakspeare, obtained from a scarce book, intitled "a Collection of Letters and Poems written by Persons of Honour and Learning, upon divers important Subjects, to the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle," will amply prove the attention and flattery the author received in her life-time. The source of this academic and other adulation is curious; the stately and pedantic pair, it is to be understood, were in the habit of presenting whatever they wrote to the libraries of the universities which favours were acknowledged by those learned and *disinterested* bodies in a style of the most disgusting flattery. Had their publication been foreseen, most likely the greater part of them would never have been written; but the vanity of the duke would not permit such honourable testimonials of the literary merit of himself and consort to be lost, and therefore directed that they should be printed after his death.

Such of our readers as have not seen the specimen of them, either in the "Biographia Britannica" or the notes of Mr. Steevens, will be amused with a few instances of the cumbrous gallantry of fellows of colleges: possibly, a more nauseous compound of falsehood and servility was never witnessed than that which this correspondence supplies.

"In your poesy," write the master and fellows of St. John's College, Cambridge, "we praise that life and native verdure every way consistent with itself. Castalian-like, it stands not still, nor boils over, but with a gentle strain doth touch our ears and slide into our minds.—Your Grace only, among women, owes nothing to nature; for, how much soever she hath graced you with incomparable lustre in your features, or pregnancy in your wit, your Grace hath returned all of it, in those elegancies of philosophy and poetry, with a most excellent retaliation."

"We, who wonder that the ancients should adore the same tutelar goddess both of arts and arms,—what shall we think of your excellency, who are both a Minerva and an Atticus to yourself, the Muses as well as an Helicon, Aristotle as well as his Lycaum?"—Such was the simple and candid interrogatory of John Pearson, master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

In a second address to her Grace, the society of St. John's College, with equal delicacy and elegance, observe, that "some grope for nature in vacuums and empty spaces, with a success not like their supposals: but *she* willingly shews herself, all bare and naked, to your Grace."

The vice-chancellor and senate of the university of Cambridge thus gravely wrote on another occasion, "Most excellent princess, you have unspeakably obliged us all, but not in one respect alone; but whensoever we find ourselves nonplus'd in our studies, we repair to you as to our oracle; if we be to speak, you dictate to us; if we knock at Apollo's door, you alone open to us; if we compose an history, you are the remembrancer; if we be confounded and puzzled among the philosophers, you disentangle us and assoil all our difficulties."

The Rev. Thomas Barlow, of Queen's College, Oxford, was quite astonished "that a person so illustrious and (for place and parts so) eminent, should look upon so inconsiderable and impertinent a thing in black as I am, but that I know the sun doth shine on shrubs as well as cedars. If I mistake not, I told you in my last that I had a manuscript book in my keeping, which the author intitles thus, "Women's Worth, or a Treatise proving, by sundry reasons, that Women excell Men." Many of my sex will hardly believe it; yet I believe *your honour* may prove the best argument in the world to convince them of their infidelity."

The students of Trinity College, 1668, inform her Grace that they mean hereafter to dedicate the following epitaph to her worthy name and memory."

" To Margaret the first;
Princess of Philosophers;
Who hath dispelled errors;
Appeased the difference of opinions;
And restored peace
To learning's commonwealth."

There is much more in the same style, which our limits will not permit us to extract; besides epistles from single encomiasts without number, many of whom were persons of great celebrity, The volume, which contains 182 pages, concludes with several copies of verses by Sir George Etherege, Shadwell, and others, together with an English elegy on the death of the Duchess of Newcastle, by Knighly Chetwood, in a strain of adulation as to approach to profaneness. This worthy poet was afterwards dean of Gloucester; so conducive to worldly welfare is the happy art of panegyric.

We need not inform our fair readers that gross hyperbole, like that we have been extracting, unaccompanied with criticism and discrimination, is any thing but truly complimentary to the parties to whom it is addressed. Nothing costs less trouble, or exercises less ingenuity than general and extravagant praise. The most really elegant compliment that has been paid to the Duchess of New-Castle is by a writer in No. LXIX. of that sprightly and diverting periodical work, by Colman the elder and Bonnell Thornton, entitled "the Connoisseur." In a vision of female poets riding to Parnassus, he thus describes the duchess: "Upon this a lady advanced, who, though she had something rather extravagant in her air and deportment, yet had a noble presence, that commanded at once awe and veneration. She was dressed in an old fashioned habit, very fantastic, and trimmed with bugles and points, such as was worn in the time of King Charles I. This lady, I was informed, was the Duchess of Newcastle. When she came to mount, she sprung into the saddle with surprising agility, and, giving an entire loose to the reins, Pegasus directly set up a gallop, and ran away with her quite out of sight. However, we observed that she kept a firm seat, even when the horse went at his deepest rate; and that she wanted nothing but to ride with a curb-bridle. When she came to dismount, Shakspeare and Milton very kindly offered their hand to help her down, which she accepted. Then Euterpe came up to her with a smile, and begged her to repeat those beautiful

lines against melancholy, which she said were so extremely picturesque. The duchess, with a most pleasing air, immediately began—

Dull Melancholy—

She'll make you start at every noise you hear,
And visions strange shall to your eyes appear,
Her voice is low, and gives an hollow sound ;
She hates the light, and is in darkness found,
Or sits by blushing lamps, or tapers small,
Which various shadows make against the wall.
She loves nought else but noise which discord makes
As croaking frogs, whose dwelling is in lakes ;
The raven hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan,
And shrieking owls that fly o'the night alone ;
The tolling bell which for the dead rings out,
A mile when running waters run about.
She loves to walk in the still moonshine night,
And in a thick dark grove she takes delight,
In hollow caves, thatched houses, and low cells,
She loves to live, and there alone she dwells ;
There leave her to herself alone to dwell,
While you and I in mirth and pleasure swell.

All the while that these lines were repeating, Milton seemed very attentive ; and it was whispered by some that he was obliged for many of the thoughts in his '*L'Alegro*,' and '*Il Penseroso*' to this lady's dialogue between Mirth and Melancholy."

The concluding observation is deemed inconsistent with chronology, and therefore groundless. The same remark has been applied to Beaumont and Fletcher's beautiful song in the "*Mad Lover*,"—"Nothing so dainty sweet as lovely Melancholy ;" as also to passages in Burton's "*Anatomy of Melancholy*;" and possibly with no more justice: it would be wonderful if individuals of unbounded fancy did not occasionally clash in a few of their more general ideas.

The Duchess of Newcastle departed this life at London, in the year 1673, and was buried at Westminster Abbey, where the duke erected a superb monument to her memory: he survived her about three years. The person of the duchess was eminently graceful ; in disposition she was rather reserved, but truly charitable pious, and generous ; very kind to her servants, an excellent economist, and a perfect pattern of conjugal love and duty. Of mental labours she was never weary ; and many have

wondered how an individual thus devoted to writing could perform so honourably and judiciously the more active duties of life.

It is related that the Duke of Newcastle, being once complimented by a friend on the great wisdom of his wife, answered, "Sir, a very wise woman is a very foolish thing." There are moments when a man may be surprised into such observations, with very little communication between the heart and the tongue. Such, if this story be true, must have been the case with the duke; for the high compliments he paid her, and the share he had in her productions, were known to all the world. Besides in a certain sense, the same observation would apply to a *very wise man*; so much depends upon the train of thought which gives rise to the remark, whether grave, gay, humorous, splentic, didactic, or satirical. Sometimes a mere play of words, a quip or antithesis, darts into the mind, and breaks out into speech, ere reflection can interfere. Let an anecdote-monger get hold of the fact, and the mischief is irreparable. There are minds in whose estimation this single reply of the duke would outweigh all his elaborate compliments; so disposed is mortality to turn from the glare of high qualities, and seek relief in the shade.

A SACRAMENT SABBATH IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

To the Editor of the American Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

I was much pleased with the sketch contained in your October number, of the character of the Presbyterian clergy of Ulster. I can indeed bear testimony that Messrs. Logan, Cooke, and M'Culloch are faithful pictures from many originals with whom, in the early part of my life, I was well acquainted. I would recommend you to continue occasionally to treat your readers with similar sketches of Northern Irish manners and customs. In your novel of O'Halloran, permit me to say that you shew yourself to be well acquainted with them, at least, if I who spent the first twenty-five years of my life in the province of Ulster, can form any judgment on the subject. There is one reason why I should think that such sketches as I now recommend you to indulge in, will be acceptable to your readers, namely, that the whole circle of our literature contains little or nothing of the kind. Sketches of the Southern Irish are to be abundantly found; but the Northern Irish have never before you attempted to give their likeness, had a painter who seemed to have the least knowledge of their distinguishing characteristics. Ulster has not, indeed,

produced any authors who could represent the character and customs of her people to the world with that fidelity of delineation necessary to make them interesting. The authors of Ireland have been generally natives of the other provinces; and none of the few that have been produced in Ulster, have made the characteristics of their country the subject of their writings.

If you pardon the freedom of the foregoing remarks, you will also pardon me for suggesting that an excellent subject for your pencil would be found in following up the clerical sketch, to which I have alluded, by describing the sacramental scenes at Ballycarney, to assist at which you have informed us the Reverend gentlemen whose characters you gave us, had assembled together. Your attention to this suggestion will be highly gratifying to at least one of your subscribers and wellwishers, who takes the liberty to sign himself

AN IRISH AMERICAN.

On receiving the foregoing communication we felt so grateful for the compliments it contains, that we determined to gratify the wishes of our correspondent. We accordingly extract the following account of a sacrament celebration in the North of Ireland, from the same manuscript, from which we took the description of the clergymen to which our *wellwisher* alludes. We request the reader to bear in mind, while he is perusing it, that Frederick Rosendale to whom if he has read the description just mentioned, he has been already introduced, is a young gentleman from the province of Leinster, of the Episcopalian persuasion, who had never before visited Ulster, nor witnessed the celebration of the sacrament in the Presbyterian form. Isabella, to whom he is attached, appeared also in our former extract. She is grand daughter to the minister of Ballycarney whom Frederick had saved from drowning, which service produced his introduction to the scenes in question.

We shall commence our extract with the following verses, careless whether the THEBANS will allow them to be poetry or not.

Now for awhile the world, and worldly things,
We leave to misers, debauchees, and kings;
And to the temple of our God repair,
To share with saints the heavenly banquet there!

There shall our souls their pious vows renew,
There endless joys shall open to our view ;
There angels shall rejoice as we adore
The Power Supeme who reigns for ever more!

The sabbath morning dawned—the sacramental sabbath—a day of high importance to the people of Ballycarney. Many a pious heart hailed it with a solemn invocation to the great Being whose holy rites they were that day to celebrate, that he would prepare their hearts for the occasion, and render them worthy partakers of the memorials of their Redeemer's love and sufferings for them.

In the Presbyterian congregations of the North of Ireland, the sacrament is usually administered but twice a year. This infrequency, and the circumstance of it never being administered but in public communion, render such an occasion when it occurs, the more impressive upon the minds of the people, who regard it as a solemn religious jubilee, during which greater fervour in their devotions, and greater strictness in all the duties inculcated by their faith, are required off their hands.

By Mr. M'Culloch, the minister of Ballycarney, the duties of this important day were commenced, as those of the preceding had been finished, with family worship. As soon as the inmates of the family were forthcoming, they were invited into the sitting parlour to join in that act of devotion. When all were assembled and adjusted, Mr. M'Culloch read a portion of the scriptures, and then "those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide," were sung by the whole company to the tune of "Plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name," and the service was concluded by their kneeling before "Heaven's Eternal King," while their reverend host addressed an eloquent and fervent prayer to "the Gracious Power," that he would make them truly thankful for all past favours ; that he would pardon all their past transgressions, and for the future "lead and guide them" in the way in which they should go. He prayed especially for his "assisting might" to support himself through the solemn and awful duties of the day, and earnestly entreated that while his people participated of those elements that were symbolical of their Saviour's

“broken body and shed blood,” they should, at the same time, be fed with the heavenly manna that produceth eternal life.

After breakfast the party proceeded to the meeting house, which was about half a mile distant. It was situated in the centre of a smooth level “Green” which was now occupied by a large assemblage of the parishoners, who, drest in their best apparel, were collected in various groups, awaiting the arrival of the ministers to commence the services of the day. The house was of large dimensions, calculated, with its aisle and galleries, to hold between four and five thousand people. At one side of the “Green,” near its principal entrance, there was a smaller house consisting of only one apartment, called the “Session House,” where the minister and elders, held their sittings to deliberate and decide upon congregational affairs. On entering the Green the two senior clergymen retired into the Session house, while Frederick, Mr. Cooke, and Isabella walked forward among the people. In a short time Frederick was recognised by Mr. Garvin, an elder who had been previously introduced to him. He saluted him respectfully, and hinted how much he was pleased with his pious choice of a sacramental occasion for his visit. He then, with some degree of officiousness, introduced him to several of the more respectable parishoners, as the gentleman who had so gallantly saved their pastor’s life. The report was immediately spread over the whole Green.

“That is the young officer who saved Mr. M’Culloch from drowning,” was repeated by every body, and all eyes were directed towards him, and many a blessing was pronounced on his head. Wherever he approached every man moved his hat, and every woman made her courtesy, in token of respect and gratitude. Some had even the boldness to address him without any introduction, and to express their thanks for the service he had rendered their congregation. On one occasion as Isabella and he walked together, he could overhear, or he at least fancied he overheard, some of the young women whispering to each other, “What a handsome pair! how well they would suit for man and wife!” Whether Isabella heard these whispers, he could

not tell, but he perceived that she felt uneasy, for she blushed deeply, and leading the way to Mr. Cooke, who, at a small distance was conversing with some of the people, she requested that they might retire into the church.

When Frederick was seated in Mr. M'Culloch's family pew, which adjoined the left side of the pulpit, he leisurely surveyed the interior of the sacred edifice, to all parts of which, from his favourable situation, his eye could reach. It had on its ground floor, four entrances, one near the pulpit, one at each gable, and one into a large aisle fronting the pulpit and projecting from the north side of the building. Each of the three galleries had also a separate entrance, approachable by massive flights of stone stairs erected on the outside of the house. The whole structure seemed calculated merely for convenience and durability; nothing appeared to have been in the slightest degree intended for ornament, unless we may consider a clock which was affixed to the front of the gallery above the aisle, and the green velvet-covered cushion with green fringes, which surmounted the pulpit, and on which the large church-bible reclined, to be ornamental.

The long passages which intersected the pews from one end of the house to the other, and the aisle, which was usually vacant, was on this day occupied with a triple row of benches, the middle of which, being the *Communicant's table*, was of course the highest, the others being for seats. This table was neatly covered throughout its whole length with extremely clean white linen, as was also a small square table placed in the area before the pulpit, which contained the sacramental elements of *bread and wine*.

Frederick had scarcely time to make these observations, when the door near the pulpit opened, and the Reverend Messrs. M'Culloch and Logan ascended the spot from whence divine instruction had so often flowed from the lips of the former. The congregation now thronged in, and in a few minutes the pews were filled and the people attentive.

Mr. M'Culloch now rose, and commenced the worship of God, by a short invocation to the Holy Spirit to inspire his efforts, and impress the sentiments he should deliver upon the

hearts of his audience. During this invocation the people stood up. As soon as they had reseated themselves, the preacher desired them to join in celebrating the mercies of God, by singing the 23d Psalm, which they did to the tune of "Dundee's wild warbling measures," with a fervency and energy that caused Frederick to esteem it the most heartfelt scene of religious praise he had ever witnessed.

The Psalm being finished, the congregation again stood up, while their pastor lifting his hands and directing his looks towards heaven, copiously poured forth his very soul in a strain of the most moving and earnest supplication that in Frederick's opinion had ever flowed from a pulpit. It concluded with the following consoling allusion to redeeming love.

"Oh! Jehovah! Creator, and Eternal Monarch of the universe! all great, powerful and tremendous as thou art, and much as we are conscious of having offended thy awful majesty, we are encouraged to address these supplications to thy throne, from a consideration of that wondrous love which effected our redemption, which raised our souls from the dungeons of despair to the bright regions of hope and salvation! which snatched us as brands out of the fire, and placed us in the courts of thy house, and under the wings of thy favour; where, O! may it be ours to go on, from grace to grace, in thy service and in thy praise, until our corruption shall put on incorruption—until our supplications shall be changed into hallelujahs! and our faith and hope shall be realized in the full enjoyment of a celestial eternity!"

When the prayer was concluded and the people again seated, the preacher opened the sacred oracles of christian faith, from which he selected as the subject of his discourse, the emphatic words, "It is finished," the last uttered by the Redeemer ere he threw off the mortality of his human nature, the words by which he announced the great work of our salvation to be completed.

On this subject the reverend orator proceeded to descant in an eloquent strain concerning the vastness of the love and tenderness of the deity for his creatures. "Rather then permit them," said he, "to suffer the just consequences of their own misconduct, by becoming the objects of eternal punishment, he chose to inflict punishment upon his only son, who had voluntarily offered to bear it

in their stead. Oh! the immensity of redeeming love!" he exclaimed—"Oh! the unsearchable riches of divine grace, that could accomplish such a miracle as to bring the Heir of Heaven voluntarily down to earth, to suffer like a malefactor for the sins of men;—to bear the burthen of that iniquity which had been committed by his worst enemies! That such a transaction should appear mysterious to us, is not wonderful. It excited the astonishment of celestial spirits.—And it was for us vile, worthless sinners, by nature enemies to God and to each other, that the incomprehensible sacrifice was made, that the mighty miracle was performed. By no means short of this could we have been delivered from the everlasting vengeance of a God who hateth, and must punish wickedness like ours. The punishment we had incurred was vast; none but a God could have borne it, and a God did bear it, otherwise we are, at this day, without hopes of mercy, the children of wrath, the heirs of eternal perdition! Such must be the gloomy, the horrible prospects of the infidel. But thanks, thanks to the mercy of our Maker, our hopes are better founded. The miraculous atonement was made, and our pardon sealed, otherwise it would be impossible that the offended justice of Omnipotence could spare us a single day;—could spare any of the whole multitude of human criminals a single moment, from suffering the terrible vengeance due to the guilty.

"Do we experience comforts in this life? Do we breathe the air with ease? Do we behold yon sun with satisfaction? Does the repose of our limbs yield us gratification? Do we meet here to day to worship our Creator with hope and delight? Then it is demonstrated that, notwithstanding all our guilt, he is reconciled to us, and he would not have been so reconciled; such were our offences and such his justice, unless the Son of the Highest who alone was able and willing, had borne our punishment!

"Yes! thou holy Lamb of God! thou didst bear it. Thou wert the spotless sacrifice for our transgressions. Thy unparalleled love and sufferings wrought our redemption from endless misery. The work was mighty, but thou wert also mighty. Thou didst accomplish it, thou didst pronounce it "finished," and we are safe. Take us, Lord! for we are thine—we are bought with the price of thy blood. O! let no temptations allure our hearts

from that love, that gratitude, that obedience which we owe thee for the wonderous things thou hast done for us.

“Now my friends,” said he, looking round upon the audience, “let us prepare to commemorate the surprising, and, at the same time, the heart-rending scenes, the dying torments of the spotless Son of God, by which this momentous redemption was accomplished ; and while we partake of the symbols of the great work of our salvation, let us deeply reflect upon what it cost him, and surely we will then thoroughly detest those sins which required such a sacrifice, and feel a due sense of gratitude for that astonishing love for his people which induced him who alone could accomplish it, to undertake such a work !

“Oh ! Glory to his adorable name who stepped forward in the hour of our need to atone for our transgressions by assuming their awful penalty, the vengeance of God ! We were poor, lost, undone criminals, we hung upon the verge of destruction, we lay in the gall of bitterness, and in the bonds of iniquity ; even then when there was no eye to pity, no hand to save, the Son of God pitied us, and suffered for us, that we might not perish, but have everlasting life.”

The preacher next proceeded to the ceremony called “fencing the table,” by inviting the worthy, and forbidding the unworthy to partake of the HOLY SUPPER.

“Ye, whose faith is fixed in firm dependence for salvation, on the merits of this great atonement,” said he, “and whose lives, and hearts, and wishes, have, as far as your frail nature would allow, been conformable to the revealed will of your holy Redeemer, ye are welcome to the sacred feast of Divine Love, this day prepared for you. Come forward to the communion of saints, and, in the fulness of your faith, enjoy a foretaste of that celestial food from the tree of life, with which ye shall be nourished in those mansions of everlasting happiness, into whose chambers, the Lord himself, your best friend, your greatest benefactor, has purchased you a free admittance.

“And ye too whose hearts may have deceived you into conduct hateful to your God, if ye be only inclined to return to him with your whole strength and resolution, if ye feel real sorrow and shame for the abominations ye have committed, and are sin-

cerely desirous to plead, with a humble heart, the benefit of your Saviour's merits and sufferings—ye too are welcome—come and join us in celebrating that extraordinary manifestation of mercy, by which ye, and we, and all of us, are pardoned, cleansed from our impurities, and rendered fit for the society of saints and angels.

“But ye, whose hearts are perverse,—ye who are obstinately bent on following the wicked suggestions of your evil passions, ye, who wantonly and profanely despise the great salvation so kindly offered to you—we have no warrant from our Lord to invite you to our feast. Alas! ye have not the wedding garment upon you, and must be rejected. But should ye deceive us, who are but the stewards and the companions of the feast, by your fair and false assurances, we warn you to be aware, for ye cannot deceive him who is its Lord. He can unmask the wolf in sheep's clothing; and if ye attempt such an imposture, if ye dare unworthily to partake at our sanctified table, be assured that ye will only “eat and drink damnation to yourselves!”

“But I trust that there is none in my hearing of this perverse, hypocritical character. To every one of you, therefore, no matter what your sins may have been, who feel truly penitent, and are determined to sin no more, I address the solemn invitation, as it was dictated by the spirit of God itself to the apostle John;—‘And the spirit and the bride say, come—And let him that heareth say, come—And let him that is athirst, come—And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.’”

For the purpose of maintaining order, and preventing any scandalous or notoriously profane person from obtruding himself among the communicants at the holy festival of the Lord's Supper, the custom of furnishing such as are considered worthy of the privilege with tickets, or as they are usually termed “tokens,” which are generally small pieces of some kind of metal impressed with a particular stamp, has been adopted. These tokens are distributed either by the minister himself, or some of the elders, none else having authority for that purpose.

When the sermon on this occasion, was concluded, the preacher prescribed the following verses of the 24th Psalm to be sung by

the congregation, during which, he descended from the pulpit, while as many of the people as could conveniently find seats upon the benches on each side of the *Communicant's tables*, arose slowly and regularly from their pews, to occupy them.

Who is the man that shall ascend
Unto the hill of God ?
Or who within his holy place,
Shall have a firm abode ?
Whose hands are clean, whose heart is pure,
And unto vanity,
Who hath not lifted up his soul,
Nor sworn deceitfully.

He from the Eternal shall receive,
The blessing him upon,
And righteousness, ev'n from the God
Of his salvation.
This is the generation,
That after him inquire,
O Jacob, who do seek thy face
With their whole hearts' desire.

The "first table" being thus filled up, and the Elders having adjusted the bread and wine upon the small square table before noticed, the minister proceeded to pronounce over these elements a short blessing; and then, while uttering the following words, distributed a portion of each of them to such of the communicants as were nearest to him, the elders taking upon themselves the charge of distributing to the rest.

"The Lord Jesus Christ, in the same night in which he was betrayed took bread, and, having blessed it, as has been done in his name, he brake it as I now do in imitation of him, and gave it to his disciples, as I now give it to you, saying 'Take, eat; this is my body, broken for you:—this do in remembrance of me.'"

"After the same manner he took the cup, when he had supped, saying—'This cup is the new testament in my blood; this do ye, as often as ye drink in remembrance of me. For as often

as ye eat this bread and drink this cup, ye do shew forth the Lord's death until he come.' "

Religious eloquence is, perhaps, more impressive than any other. Frederick Rosendale thought that he had never heard any thing half as forcible as the strain of pathetic and sublime oratory with which Mr. M'Culloch for the space of about forty minutes, addressed the communicants who now sat at the table of the Lord. Tears flowed fast from their eyes as he painted the Redeemer's sufferings in such strong colours that the heart of the most obdurate could scarcely endure the picture. He then aroused their indignation against sin, the detestable cause of such a catastrophe, to a state which could not fail to make a durable impression on their minds—he then excited their surprise and astonishment by the felicitous manner in which he reminded them that the object of all this suffering was—the spotless Son of God!

"And who is it that suffers all this?" said he. "Who have they nailed to that accursed tree, as a criminal between two malefactors? It is the immaculate Son of Jehovah. Ah! look at him! On his sacred person is inflicted the incalculable weight of punishment due to the accumulated crimes of a world of sinners. On the head of the King of the Universe, lo! vile, worthless men have planted a crown of thorns, and for a sceptre they have given the Lord of All, a reed! O think of that agony which could induce Omnipotence to cry out, 'My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me! If it be possible let this cup pass from me!'—But his Godhead carried him triumphantly through the terrible struggle, and he meekly added,—'nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt.' At length the debt was paid, the wrath was endured, justice was satisfied, our salvation was completed, and he pronounced the victorious words 'It is finished,' and his manhood for a season resigned its vitality. 'He bowed his head and gave up the ghost.' Hark! you convulsion of the elements! No wonder nature trembles when the God of Nature dies!—The graves give up their dead, the rocks are shivered, and the temple is rent in twain, while the great luminary of the world, as if unable to behold his Creator so humbled, becomes darkened with astonishment and shame.

Oh! well might Dionysius the heathen astronomer, when he beheld these extraordinary changes in the laws of nature, exclaim, --“Either the God of Creation suffers, or he sympathises with one who does!”

When this address was finished, the communicants arose from the table during the singing of another portion of the Psalms, and their places were taken by another company. This second company of communicants had the solemn ordinance administered to them by the Rev. Mr. Logan, whose address continued about half an hour, and, although esteemed by our hero to be less striking than Mr. M'Culloch's, was nevertheless admitted to be very appropriate to the occasion.

A third serving up of the sacred banquet was found necessary to accomodate the great number who had received “tokens” of admission, the duties of which were performed in a very neat, dignified and impressive manner by Mr. Cooke; but accurate and tasteful as were the language and gestures of the young orator, to Frederick these were insipid qualifications when compared with those bursts of passion, those soul-harrowing descriptions of Mr. M'Culloch, by which he had been so entirely overpowered.

The whole of the congregation who were considered worthy to partake of this divine banquet, were now addressed by their pastor in a brief but earnest exhortation to be ever mindful and strict in the performance of the duties incumbent upon them in their holy and glorious character of christian worshippers, which by their public participation of the solemn ordinance of this day they had before men and angels avowed themselves to be.

“In your intercourse,” said he, “with the men of that busy world into which you are again to return, ah! do not, my friends, disgrace the honourable, upright character of followers of Christ, by yielding to the allurements of vice, or by turning into any of the seducing paths trod by the followers of Satan. Ah! remember that such paths, however fair to view, however gratifying to the sense, inevitably lead to the valley of death, to the abyss of everlasting destruction!”

He then addressed the Throne of Grace, the people standing up as usual to join in his prayer, that the Almighty would bless

the ceremonies of the day, in such a manner that all present might enjoy eternal advantages from them.

“If any here” said he, “have eaten and drunk unworthily of thy holy feast, pardon, them. O Lord!—Bring them to see the error of their ways. Visit them not in thy hot indignation, nor judge them according to their iniquities. O God! we thank thee that thou dost not see as man seeth; that thou dost not judge as man judgeth; for as far as the east is from the west, as far as the heavens are above the earth, so far are thy ways from our ways, and thy thoughts above our thoughts. We rejoice that the great ransom which we have this day commemorated, is sufficient to cover the guilt of the vilest amongst us—and that the repentant sinner who pleadeth to thee for pardon, through that all-sufficient ransom never pleadeth in vain.”

Psalms were again sung, after which the congregation was dismissed with the Apostolic benediction pronounced upon it.

Frederick, the three clergymen, and the rest of Mr. M'Culloch's household, with one or two of the elders withdrew to the clergyman's dwelling-house, where they partook of a short repast. In about an hour they returned to the church, when Mr. Cooke resumed the performance of divine service, and preached an excellent sermon abounding with good taste, good sense, good morals, and scriptural doctrines. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when the public worship of the most piously spent day Frederick Rosendale had ever witnessed, terminated, and the people of the congregation of Ballycarney returned to their homes, with their hearts deeply and thoroughly impressed with that holy gratitude and adoration which they owed to the great and beneficent being whose almighty power had brought them into existence, and whose infinite goodness had rescued them from the deplorable effects of their own transgressions.

SELECTED.

POOR JACKSON ;

Or, the benefit of attending to appearances and possibilities.

A NOVELLETTE.

Jackson was a young clergyman of unimpeachable morals and integrity, and extremely open character. "I neither do or say any harm:" he used to repeat—"what then have I to care for?" Poor Jackson was soon doomed to experience that this was not sufficient in the conduct of life. Jackson had come raw from a college to a curacy: a villanous village lawyer had a turn to serve, in which the evidence of the parson would be of eminent service to him, and he therefore endeavoured, by an equivocal statement and forms of words, to obtain Jackson's attestation in his favour;—the integrity of the clergyman was inflexible. The cunning lawyer knew that such a man might be a *thorn in his side*; and after inventing a statement that Jackson had mistaken his intentions and ill-used him, resolved to become his bitter enemy, and drive him, if possible, from the parish. Accordingly, he invented all manner of calumnies, founded upon the young curate's own carelessness.

One evening, a poor woman solicited charity, and told him a very moving tale of distress: the feelings of the benevolent minister were overpowered, and, although it was dark, he followed her down the road from his house, in earnest conversation with her; and, at parting, called after her aloud, "I will call upon you to-morrow." Unfortunately for poor Jackson, one of those pests which infest every country-place was passing at the moment, and over-heard him: the suppliant was an artful jade, of loose character; and the most unpleasant calumnies were immediately circulated about the parson, which would not have happened, had he not left his door, and had suspended his feelings till he had inquired into her character. Jackson attempted to confute them; but the subtle lawyer professed that he believed them to be just, and added an untrue insinuation, that he had heard many things on that head said by some of the parson's acquaintance. All Jackson's labours could not remove the very strong suspicions and doubts which had entered into the minds of the graver and older part of the parishoners; for where persons have had much experience of mankind, it is with the utmost difficulty, that they can be persuaded to be charitable; and they absolutely pay more attention to inferences from external conduct and discretion, than they do to the character

of the person's heart. Jackson, too, was irritable, and when provoked, caustic: he would pertinaciously pursue an argument and not always attend to the frequent and indispensable necessity in society of declining irritation and quarrelling.

Notwithstanding these misfortunes, and the perpetual calumnies occasioned by his utter neglect of what he said, and of *the right manner of doing things*, so as to ensure safety,—his person, honesty, frankness, and generosity, preserved him the favour of the women. A widow, advanced in years, of very considerable fortune, who had taken it into her head that she would be a very valuable acquisition to the young man, sent for a new head of hair from London, rouged herself highly, and, after a number of presents and repeated invitations, determined to break the ice. She let him take plenty of wine; then addressed him with, “Mr. Jackson, why do you not settle in life?”—“How can I, madam, with prudence?”—“Oh! gentlemen of your very favourable description do not always experience difficulties on that head.”—“They are then more fortunate than I am.”—“How can you say so, Mr. Jackson!” said the love-sick widow, ogling him, and then hanging down her head: “do not you think that you may command esteem as well as they, and equal good fortune, too: were I in your place, I should soon know where to fix?” Jackson, who was as blind before as Parson Adams of absent celebrity, immediately caught the hint, and was thunderstruck. At that moment the footman entered with tea; Jackson, *without reflecting that the servant was in the room*, burst out—“I am extremely honoured, madam, by your attachment; but considering *your years* and the expectations of your relatives, I think it would be highway-robbery in me to indulge such an inclination.”—“Pert coxcomb! *My years!*—expose me before my servant! John you know that this gentleman has received the kindest attentions from me; and yet, because I have talked to him about settling in life, from the best motives, he has taken it into his head that *I wish to have him—a poor curate!*” Jackson immediately withdrew in confusion; and the good widow left her church, because, as she told all her acquaintance, “she would give him no encouragement, as she could not tell what liberties he might be induced to take.” All her acquaintance believed it, however, to be true, and joined in the calumnies circulated by her servants at the expence of their mistress and the parson; although the latter, in the general opinion, fared so well by it, that the younger women, who love to plague, at least old ones, entertained a very kind opinion of him.

One of these was a handsome girl, who had an independent fortune, and was as fond of Jackson as he became of her. He was however, as has been said, a general favourite of the women:

and, therefore, a young sprightly brunette, somewhat malicious as most sprightly persons are, resolved to mortify if possible, Jackson's betrothed ; and, to effect it, by puffing Jackson as a sanguine friend of her father and mother, and perpetually teasing the old people, she induced them to send him frequent invitations ; which from attention to a parishoner, and consciousness of the sincerity of his love, he uniformly accepted. His *friend*, the lawyer, took advantage of this circumstance ; and, after taking care to excite alarm in Jackson's fair one, introduced a young officer, who, though extremely ignorant, and not possessed of the person, temper, or virtues of poor Jackson, had been too much in the habits of horse-dealing not to be aware of advantages, and had mixed too much in society to be an unpleasant companion, or at least ignorant of the world. Jackson, however, was of too unsuspicious a turn to be jealous ; and the affections of a woman once established, were not to be removed in a moment. Henrietta met him, however, walking with her rival, who artfully smiled upon her: she turned pale, went home in sullen melancholy, and when she found herself unobserved, became violently agitated, sent for Jackson, and insisted upon his relinquishing the society of her imaginary rival. "How can I do that?" said Jackson: "I cannot offer an affront where none has been deserved: you know that I love you, and you only."—"I don't know that," replied the other: "I have seen too much." It never occurred to Jackson, that he should have visited her supposed rival only with herself. Jealousy and suspicion did not cease, till confidants and friends were called in, who sided with the complaints of each party, till they had created a coolness in both. The officer carried off the bride of Jackson ; but she bitterly repented it, as he was expensive, too habituated to libertinism to be capable of loving, too ignorant to have any taste unconnected with dissipation, and, by consequence never pleasant out of company. She found too, by the malicious stories of the lawyer, who to her told the truth, in order to torture Jackson the more, that there was not a shadow of foundation for her jealousy, and that the whole mischief happened because the parson was a fool.

The squire of the parish, a man of discernment, was one of the few friends whom indiscretion, carelessness of quarrelling, and a warm temper, had left to poor Jackson. He felt interested for him ; and told him that he would write to a nobleman who had livings in his gift, and that he did not doubt that he should obtain him one. Jackson thought this a fine opportunity of triumphing over his enemies, and ingratiating himself more firmly in the good opinion of his friends, and accordingly circulated the joyful tidings over the whole parish. His *friend*, the

lawyer, immediately dispatched an anonymous letter to the nobleman, stating that Jackson was a democrat; and sent a poacher to the unfortunate parson, with a tale of extreme cruelty on the part of the squire. Jackson exclaimed that he could not think his patron was such a monster of barbarity. The lawyer took care that it should be conveyed to the squire, that Jackson had called him a monster of barbarity, and that it could be proved upon oath. The squire said nothing; but, when the nobleman's letter arrived, replied, that he had been deceived in his man; and wrote to the rector, who, in consequence of it, gave Jackson notice of residence. Thus poor Jackson lost his cure; but not without considerable outcry among the lower orders, the most honest of the human race, who did not hesitate to say, there had been villainy somewhere.

Poor Jackson could not possibly conceive why he had such enemies, and met with so many misfortunes. Fortunately for him, however, a relative of his mother's became a bishop; and, as Jackson was an accomplished scholar, his lordship made him his chaplain. From the reserve, discretion, and exemplary virtue and temper of those bright ornaments of the English church, and the necessities of his new station, poor Jackson's eyes soon were opened, and he saw his errors. From such an example and situation, he soon became as prudent and discreet as he was ingenuous, amiable and honourable. He obtained considerable preferment, but never married: and survived Henrietta and adopted her children, to whom he became a father.

There are many *poor Jacksons* in the world--and they are, in fact, the best part of it; but they do not consider to what serious mischiefs unlimited openness of heart exposes them. Calumny cannot be wholly avoided; but most of its mischief may be prevented by never acting from passion or mere impulse, declining to make enemies, always conceding the good qualities of others, never exposing them; never talking of business or private affairs before servants (who, if they only hear a word, make up a story by guessing the rest); and being perpetually cautious, by attention to appearances, and the manner of doing things, lest any misconstruction should ensue.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF MATERNAL PRESENCE OF MIND.

IN a work called "A Ramble from Bristol," the following singular circumstance is related, which is said to have been narrated to the Rambler by an old shepherd at Freshwater, (in the

Isle of Wight.)—"One morning," says he, "as I was looking for a strayed ewe, I came up with some bird-catchers; they presently prepared their tackle and went down the cliffs, and left the wife of one of them behind to shift the ropes and do such offices as the nature of their business required. That she might the better attend to her charge, the woman had placed beneath her cloak, at a small distance, a sleeping boy about twelve months old, and, thinking all was safe, applied herself to her task; when, shortly looking round, she perceived, to her great astonishment, that the child had crept from beneath the covering, and had wantonly reached the extreme verge of the cliff, at least eight hundred feet above the sea, and wanted but a few inches more to sink into eternity! Alarmed at his perilous situation, the mother stood in fixed and silent terror and affright. To rush forward was to destroy her infant, playful and unconscious of his danger. What was to be done? Heaven inspired her with the sudden thought—she bared her breast, and called by signs which feeling mothers best devise, her boy's attention: he saw his favourite resource, stretched forth his arms, and smiling hastened to the fountain of his life and health; while the eager mother, in speechless transport, first hugged him to her bosom, then bore him from the reach of danger; and still retiring some paces further back, but only to fall and faint, overcome with her affright and swift returning extacy.

This remarkable instance of the power of nature and maternal affection, seems a more natural than probable occurrence. Our fair readers can, however, best determine or conceive whether it is likely that a mother in such a situation, should preserve sufficient presence of mind to think of such a resource for averting the impending danger. It is not, however, meant to be insinuated that such an occurrence is so improbable as never to have happened; but it seems more probable that the above Rambler may have resorted to his books to supply the deficiency in the real incidents of his ramble, according to the usual custom of travellers; and it is not, therefore, improbable that he may have dipped into the Greek Anthology, or at least into the translations from them, where precisely the same occurrence, real or imaginary, appears translated in the following lines, from Leonidas of Alexandria, page 52, No. 2.

ON AN INFANT PLAYING ON THE EDGE OF A PRECIPICE.

Her infant playing on the verge of fate,
 When but an instants space had been too late,
 And pointed crags had claimed his forfeit breath—
 The mother saw! she laid her bosom bare,
 Her child sprang forward the known bliss to share,
 And that which nourished life now saved from death.

The similarity and concurrence of these stories is remarkable, though both may have really happened; for, after all, there is no denying that "what has happened once may happen again;" and this argument, which, however, assumes the premises to be true and admitted, your readers will perhaps think convincing and sufficient to remove the scepticism of your's, &c.

EPSILON BETA.

REMARKS

ON

An Inquiry into the Moral Character of Lord Byron.

By J. W. Simmons.—New-York, 1824.

Our Magazine, in common with all periodicals of the day, has already contained so much about Lord Byron, that we have really become tired of repeating his name. We should not, therefore, notice the present pamphlet, but for our respect for its author. We look upon Mr. Simmons as a writer of no ordinary cast. He has a depth of thought, and an acuteness of feeling very much resembling the chief characteristics of Byron's own mind; and like Byron, he pays little or no attention to graces or beauties of style in his compositions. Blue Beard and Don Juan are counterparts in this and many other respects. The prose writings of both have the same precision, solidity and heaviness. They are profound, argumentative, and generally tend directly, in a straight forward path, to the point in view. They are never playful and diverting, and scorn to go aside to gather flowers.—But we have not time to draw a parallel between them. Our business is with the pamphlet before us, and to it we shall confine ourselves.

An inquiry into Lord Byron's moral character may have been suggested to Mr. Simmons by the most generous of motives, that of defending a man who can no longer defend himself from calumny. We give credit to Mr. Simmons for such motives. Still we do not think that the occasion called for any such defence. We know of no flagrant acts of turpitude and depravity that have been proven against Lord Byron. Nay, there has been no accusation of criminal conduct brought against him

sufficient to stigmatize him as an immoral man. His life was erratic, unsettled and vagabond; but we never heard that it was dishonourable, profligate, depraved or wicked. He has never been called a drunkard or a glutton, a gambler or a cheat, a robber or a murderer. Avarice, pride, cruelty, ingratitude or falsehood has never been laid to his charge. Why then all this fuss about his immorality? He had failings like other men; he would not have been a man without them. But they (we speak of him as a man, not as an author) were neither so extraordinary nor so detrimental to society, as those of thousands on whom the warmest posthumous encomiums have been passed and circulated without contradiction. Lord Byron, it is true, was neither a puritan nor a saint. But how many poets have been neither, whose morality, it has not been thought necessary to defend? We might instance Shakspeare, Waller, Denham, Dryden, Swift, Prior, Pope, Goldsmith, and the lord knows how many more, with whose private foibles it has not been thought necessary to trouble the world, at least to any thing like the extent to which the unfortunate Byron's have been obtruded on it.

We make these remarks, because, however much we approve of Mr. Simmons's zeal in behalf of Lord Byron's character as a man, we do not think that any particular defence of it was necessary. But Mr. Simmons has not in reality defended it, although it was evidently his intention to do so. He has only accounted for it on the ground of his Lordship's strong passions, which he seems to think ought to form a sufficient apology for all the errors with which there may be a possibility of charging him. This is a strange mode of defence. If a man is wicked, it is surely no justification of his wickedness, that it proceeds from the natural bent of his disposition. To be *constitutionally* immoral—can never be pleaded at the bar of reason, in behalf of an ill-spent life. And yet this is really all the plea that Mr. Simmons makes for his client. He does not defend him by endeavouring to disprove the allegations of his accusers, which would certainly have been the most natural and effectual mode of defence. On the contrary, he seems to admit the accusation, but he insists that the accused shall not be tried by the common laws of morality, because, as he asserts, nature had

formed him differently from other men, with uncommon dispositions and propensities. Is Mr. Simmons, aware of the absurdity of this argument, if it were applied to a Cataline, a Nero, or a Judas Iscariot? Is it not as much as to say, no culprit, however criminal, should be considered so, if it can only be shown that nature framed him with propensities to crime? The evil tendency of this doctrine goes much further than, we are persuaded, Mr. Simmons ever contemplated. It goes to say that there should be no uniform rules of morality to regulate society; that no man does wrong in yielding to the impulses of his passions, but that each individual is justified in doing as the Israelites did in the days of the Judges, that which is right in his own eyes. To permit Lord Byron, or any man else, to do wrong, merely because he possessed stronger propensities to evil than his neighbours, would be striking directly at the peace and safety of society, and is a privilege that can never be allowed in a well regulated community.

To show that we do not misstate the grounds on which Mr. Simmons attempts the vindication of Lord Byron, we shall quote his own words, which are too explicit, we think, for their meaning to be misapprehended. We make the quotation the more readily that it will afford our readers a specimen of Mr. Simmons's style, which it will be perceived, is altogether of an argumentative and didactic character, and therefore, well suited to his subject.

"The premises," he says, "assumed by Bishop Butler in his Analogy of Religion, in treating on the moral-approving and disapproving faculty, will be admitted we apprehend, to be at once philosophical and just. From these premises therefore, we will proceed to make the obvious inductions, which are in favour of the moral character of Lord Byron. 'Our preception of vice and virtue,' says Butler, 'arises from a comparison of the actions with the nature and capacities of the agent'—in other words, it depends almost entirely 'upon the nature and capacities of the agent,' whether the action be virtuous or otherwise. *In one man the same action would be positively vicious, which in another would be comparatively innocent, or at least less vicious.* We will not suppose an extreme case in order to evince this; because that would be to prove only what every one knows. We will not, for instance, take the case of a Natural or a Lunatic who may have committed a murder, and say that because it was not his intention to murder, he is less criminal than another man who is guilty of the same crime, with the deliberate intention to kill. But we will take the case of a man whose passive impressions have been confirmed previous to the developement of his active principles; whose morals have been depraved ere his understanding had unfolded itself; with whom the *moral-approving and disapproving faculty was no guide*, because the

Agent had become confirmed in those actions which constitute the object of this faculty, ere the faculty itself had been developed.—Of a man who, when he came to know himself, found that he had contracted vicious habits without having known what vice was.—Of one with whom vice and virtue had been mere terms of relation, to which no definite ideas were attached. In short, we will take the case of a man like Lord Byron, and when we come to compare “the actions with the nature and capacities of the agent,” *the moral perception which must result from such comparison, appears to us to be decidedly in favour of his character.*”

* * * * *

“It may be retorted upon us, if a man bring with him into Society fantastic and far-fetched notions upon points of vital interest to that Society, if he presume to set up a standard of his own as the sole and ultimate criterion of right and wrong and the infallible test of the moral worth of those around him, is it either strange or unjust that Society should *reject* such notions and along with them the person himself whose conduct is perhaps but a bad illustration of a worse theory? This however, would be to suppose what never yet has happened or can happen. No man we apprehend, was ever guilty of the preposterous error of believing himself capable of making a convert of society to his own individual notions of any kind. On the contrary what perhaps inspires his disgust and gives him offence is the discovery that society is not only disposed and even prepared to make a convert of *him* even to “the bitter better,” but that it is apt to resort to violent measures in the attempt, and to redouble that violence where the attempt has failed. The language which society addresses to him is neither calculated to convince his reason nor to conciliate his pride—it is this—“your ways are bad—mend them or you shall suffer for them.” We endeavoured upon a former occasion, to point out the difference between the imaginative and all other minds. We attempted to show that the tendencies of the poetical mind were less practical than those of any other. *The poetical mind is of a temperament morbidly pre-disposed.* A morbidly pre-disposed mind is one generally addicted to those extremes in feeling and situation which commonly result in that moral emasculation which incapacitates the individual for pursuing those practical ends the proper efforts at attaining which society pre-supposes in its very formation—and in the actual attainment of which its well-being is involved. The individual thus incapacitated for the practical purposes of society is scarcely recognized as one of its members—he is in a great measure disconnected with the social contract—his interests are, of course not involved in the general interest—nor are they the interests of those immediately around him—he has therefore comparatively nothing at stake. What life-guards of conduct can such an individual be supposed to possess? And it is in a case of this kind and in all similar cases that the strength of passive impressions is so destructive of moral virtue. Passive impressions thus confirmed incapacitate the individual for the practical ends of society, while society turns its back upon him for not pursuing these ends. The moment he is found holding himself aloof from Society, Society conceives a doubt of his character—and “once to be in doubt is once to be resolved, and on the proof”—which society is very ingenious in furnishing “no more but this,”—he is banished by sentence of a moral ostracism. The man who has thus become a sentimental outlaw, who has been thus ejected beyond the pale of the moral virtues, is “let down in the wind to prey at fortune;” and if he becomes by consequence addicted to extremes and excesses of conduct, is it at all to be wondered at? The application of these remarks to the life and character of Lord Byron will be acknowledged we apprehend upon mature reflection. We trust too, that their tendency to point out and to maintain that moral balance which may be said to subsist between society and its members—between the institutions of society on the one hand, and the moral failings and at the same time moral accountability of its members on the other, will also be admitted. We are induced to believe therefore that in the application of these remarks to the character of Lord Byron, the ingenuous reader who may be imbued with a love of genius even to a forgiveness of its

frailties, will have perceived the extenuation which we trust they carry with them of the moral failings of one who combined in an extraordinary degree that genius with those frailties."

The sentiment that "the poetical mind is of a temperament morbidly predisposed," we hope has not been uniformly found correct. If by *morbidly* we are to understand *immorally*, which to make Mr. Simmons's argument consistent with itself, must be the meaning of the word, we are convinced, and we rejoice in the conviction, that it is quite erroneous. The characters of the authors of *Paradise Lost* and the *Seasons*, are alone sufficient to refute it, although in conjunction with theirs, we might name many other poetical names of unimpeachable reputation. The sentiment is not, indeed, original with Mr. Simmons; we have often heard it before he uttered it. But we have always considered it a libel on the possessors of poetic talents, and employed by inferior minds only as an instrument to reduce genius to their own level. We believe, however, that Mr. Simmons's mind is not one of these, and that his adoption of this sentiment has been owing to want of due consideration, and an over anxious wish to seize on whatever might support the doctrine he had advanced.

SELECTED.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.

Prejudices may be so unaccountably fostered among certain classes of mankind, as not only to set reason at defiance, but absolutely to confound all the laws of perception and association. Of this description has been the pride of ancestry in Spain, as the following curious fact, related by a traveller of the 17th century, will forcibly evince.—The writer (a lady) describes a theatrical representation, herself being one of the audience, the subject of which was the application of *our Saviour* to become a knight of St. Iago!!! This honor was unattainable without proofs of nobility for several generations; and the pursuits of Joseph and Mary, the earthly parents of our Lord, rendered his production of the required documents impossible. In this dilemma the chapter after solemn deliberation, acquaints the candidate of the *impossibility* of his becoming a knight of St. Iago, but respectfully adds that an order *de Christo* should be immediately formed in his honour; an arrangement which gives satisfaction to all parties, and the piece concludes. At the very time this incomprehensible and irreverend stupidity and inconsistency was permitted, the Holy Inquisition was executing and imprisoning Jews and heretics by scores.

POETRY.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE ORPHAN SOLDIER'S TALE.

" My sire I never saw—he died
 " E'er I the light beheld ;
 " When from the forest in his pride,
 " Prowled the red foe and ravaged wide,
 " My father, who in arms excelled,
 " Rallied the fainting citizens
 " To drive these tigers to their dens.
 " Few were their names, but fierce they fought,
 " And with their blood was safety bought
 " For cradled babes, and crippled age,
 " Too worn to fight, too weak to fly,
 " A helpless prey to savage rage,
 " In tortures were they doomed to die ;
 " But my bold sire arose and freed—
 " And when he fell was heard to cry,
 " 'I do not vainly bleed !'
 " They've told me that with fortitude
 " My mother bore the shock !
 " But then the heart is never viewed,
 " And there are griefs that mock
 " Expression, locked within the breast—
 " 'Tis deemed such sufferers are at rest,
 " And the light world will pass them by,
 " Nor bend to hear their silent sigh.
 " But though the plant all green doth shoot,
 " The worm may riot on the root ;
 " And oft the fairest flower shall bloom,
 " To form a garland for the tomb.
 " The broken harp emits no sound,
 " And deepest caves are darkest found,
 " Nor will the bitterest wounds appear,
 " Of hopes thus crushed, and hearts thus drear.
 " Although no weak or murmuring word,
 " Was from my tender mother heard ;
 " And though she bowed to heaven's decree,
 " Her wasted form and faded cheek,
 " Proclaimed more sure than wildest shriek
 " Her inward agony.
 " From joy estranged, to pleasure dead,
 " The gay unthinking crowd she fled ;
 " Yet from my earliest infancy,
 " She poured her sorrows forth to me.
 " And when I lisped my Father's name,
 " She numbered o'er his deeds of fame,
 " The friends he saved, the foes he slew,
 " And then she wept, and I wept too,
 " And knew no wishes save to be

" A man and meet the enemy.
 " Thus born in grief, and nursed in tears,
 " The lesson of my infant years,
 " My father's feats, my father's fate,
 " I burned his deeds to emulate.
 " And when the cry of ' war!' was heard,
 " And when the men of arms appeared,
 " And when the stirring drum was sounded,
 " My spirit to the music bounded—
 " I saw the beck'ning hand of fate,
 " I could not pause, I would not wait,
 " But to my mother fled to know,
 " If I might meet the savage foe—
 " With tears I urg'd the warm appeal—
 " She kissed me, wept, and answered ' go!'
 " Nor whispered what her heart must feel;
 " But bade me in the fields of fame,
 " Act worthy of my Father's name."

SONG.

BY THE ORPHAN SOLDIER.

Oh! bright are the beams of the setting sun,
 When he sinks in unclouded glory;
 But brighter the race the hero hath run,
 Whose deeds are embalmed in story.

And fair are the skies our heads above,
 When the lamps of heaven are glowing;
 But fairer the path young warriors prove,
 The path of their country's showing.

Let the peasant lie down in a peaceful grave—
 His friends forget to deplore him;
 While heavens own tear bedews the brave,
 And greener the turf springs o'er him.

Our Fathers rushed to the sanguine field,
 And won a wreath unfading;
 And ne'er shall their sons that garland yield,
 Lest they bend from the skies upbraiding.

No traitor on freedom's soil shall stand,
 No coward disgrace our calling;
 Our swords shall defend our own loved land,
 Though earth from her sphere were falling.

CORNELIA.

FOR THE AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SONNET.

This hoary labyrinth, the wreck of time,
 Solicitous with timid step I tread,
 Scale the stern battlement, or vent'rous climb,
 Where the rent watchtower bows its grassy head;
 These dark damp caverns breathe mysterious dread,
 Haply still foul with taint of ancient crime;
 Methinks some spirit of th' ennobl'd dead,
 High-bosom'd maid, or warrior chief sublime,
 Haunts them! the flappings of the heavy bird,
 Imagin'd warnings fearfully impart,
 And the dull breeze below that feebly stir'd,
 Seem'd the deep breathing of an o'ercharg'd heart!
 Proud tower! thy halls now stable the lean herd,
 And musing mercy smiles that such thou art.

WILFRID.

CAITHALORE ;—*An Irish Legendary Tale.*

BY DR. M'HENRY.

Melchira, the daughter of Caithalore, a chief of Ulster, was treacherously carried off by the king of Conaught, who wished to force her to his illegal embraces. She, however, succeeded in resisting him until her father, assembling his friends, effected her rescue, but was himself taken prisoner in the attempt. The sequel may be gathered from the poem.

The powers of song inspiring boldness bring,
 And warm me soul of Caithalore to sing.
 As to the thirsty fields at noontide hour,
 With gentle lapse descends the summer shower;
 As to the midnight wand'rer far astray,
 Beam the first glances of the opening day,
 So dear to me is song's divine employ;
 The hero's praises are the poet's joy!

How dear the days, which are, alas! no more,
 When with thy friendship blest, my Caithalore!
 In warmth of youth together would we rove,
 And talk of honour, innocence, and love.
 From my remembrance never shall depart
 Those other times, deep-graven on my heart!
 Oft to my greenwood dwelling would'st thou stray,
 And spend the evening hour to hear my lay;
 Or mingling with the pastimes of the green,
 Did'st gain the victors palm in every scene.

Still when Ultonia's sons of warlike pride,
 In marshall'd ranks the coming foe defied,
 Thy lifted spear shone radiant from afar,
 A beam of terror in the front of war.

Stout were his heart who met thee on the field,
And strong his arm thou didst not force to yield.
Fierce as the storm that lays the forest low,
Thy wrath discharg'd destruction on the foe.

But Caithalore in glory's bosom bleeds,
Dire was was the last and brightest of his deeds!
On Dola's plain, exulting to survey
His dauntless warriors in their firm array,
"Heroes! he cries—who love the battles rage,
'Tis in a father's cause ye now engage.
Soon shall yon tyrant sink beneath your power,
As sinners sink in heaven's avenging hour.
Your swords shall break my captive daughter's chain,
And give Melchira to these arms again.
What though, my fellow warriors! ye be few,
Your cause is just, and all your hearts are true:
Yon numerous host shall but your souls inflame
For greater vengeance, and for greater fame.
Come on! the brave can danger's front defy,
We fight for justice, let us live or die!"

Swift through opposing ranks they hew'd their way,
Through pouring legions still maintained the day.
A victim's life they snatched at every blow,
And each unerring shaft transpierc'd a foe.
No spear had they fierce glittering to the sun,
But soon the dreadful work of death had done.
Lo! Caithalore, all stain'd with hostile blood,
Impels the battle in its direst mood.
Fate from his forceful arm conducts the lance,
And certain death obeys each fiery glance.
O'er slaughtered ranks he drives his rapid way,
And makes the souls of heroes feel dismay!
'Till chancing near his daughter's tent to see,
He bursts its prison gate and sets her free.
The lovely charge five ready warriors gain,
And safe convey her to her native plain.

But this the last—this bright achievment o'er,
Th' exhausted hero sunk, he could no more.
His child (was all his wish) was safe from harm,
And for himself, he dared their vengeful arm.
In vain, alas! in vain his gallant few,
Pour'd round their chief, and charging legions slew.
The happier stars of guilt's unbounded sway,
Bore down the fortune of the doubtful day!
The wounded warrior dragg'd in captive plight,
Celestial virtue saw, and shunned the sight!

But, oh! what pangs Melchira's bosom tore,
When first she learn'd the fate her father bore.
How deep the sighs her gentle spirit gave,
For those who died her virgin fame to save!
How blest, ye shades! for whom those sighs she drew,
The grateful tears of beauty flow for you!
With joy, ye hail, from midst your starry bowers,
The strains of lovely grief she sweetly pours.

“ Ah! when by fraud to Cona’s king betrayed,
 When in his hands confined, a captive maid,
 When with an artful tyrant’s power he strove
 To bend my virtue to unlawful love ;
 Why did I rashly heave the fatal sigh,
 That called my generous countrymen to die!
 Why give those tears unguardedly to swell,
 That have undone the sire I loved so well,
 Fix’d to his life a sad precarious doom,
 And bound him prisoner in his daughter’s room!
 Where is the prize with beauty to be born ?
 Ah! why did female charms this face adorn,
 To bring misfortune on my native vale,
 And bid her maids her bravest sons bewail!”

Now to the savage soul of Cona’s king,
 Deep pierc’d the points of guilty passion’s sting,
 The maid’s escape who caus’d the glowing pain,
 Had but increas’d the fire in every vein.
 And thus to Caithalore of fearless mind,
 Where in the dungeon cell he lay confin’d ;
 “ Thou chief! he said—thou father of the dame,
 Whose matchless beauties all my breast inflame ;
 Thou know’st thy life dependent on our throne,
 Yet as thou choosest, life or death’s thy own.
 From off thy warlike hands we strike the chain,
 And thou shalt cheer thy mourning friends again,
 If to promote my wishes thou agree,
 And bid thy lovely daughter favour me.
 Her sire’s commands I know she will revere,
 For to filial breast her sire is dear.
 Tell her what honours to herself and friends,
 How ev’n her father’s life on her depends!
 Speak now, and with these terms of life comply,
 Or the first sun that dawns shall see the die?”

With indignation stern the hero frown’d ;
 “ Thou may’st insult—he said—this arm is bound !
 But tyrant ! if at freedom on the plain,
 My taintless honour would’st thou dare to stain?
 Heavens ! if thou dar’d, this arm’s descending blow,
 Would soon consign thee to thy fate below !
 Abjur’d by virtue, and abhorr’d by fame,
 To bid a father work his daughter’s shame !
 Think’st thou this breast, as villainous as thine,
 Can yield unmanly to a base design !
 Thy threats of death, which with contempt I hear,
 ’Tis but for little minds like thine to fear!
 Death’s direst form my bosom can defy,
 And in the cause of virtue pants to die!
 My daughter now from ruin, guilt and thee,
 By Heaven’s protecting arm and mine set free,
 Shall bless with tears the death her father bore,
 And bards shall spread the fame of Caithalore.”

Yes ; glorious Martyr! Erin’s bards shall swell
 Their sweetest notes with joy, thy praise to tell ;
 And when thy spirit bending from the skies,
 Shall smile to hear the hallow’d anthem rise,

Oh! then what rapture shall impel along
 The affecting measures of their magic song,
 Until it reach in pathos unconfined,
 An ardour equal to thy mighty mind,
 And fire each breast that hears the loud acclaim,
 With gen'rous emulation of thy fame !

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS.

In our two last numbers we omitted giving any article under this head, partly in order to relieve ourselves from too rigid an adherence to uniformity in the choice of our subjects, and partly because there was an unusual dearth of important events in the political world to require animadversion. It is true, that the news of Louis the Eighteenth's death and the accession of Charles the Tenth to the French throne, had reached us, but these were events, in our opinion, unworthy of much attention, no change, either for the better or the worse, in the condition of mankind being likely to result from them.

Latterly, however, we have had intelligence of a different description—animating intelligence of Grecian triumph over barbarous enemies—we will not call them oppressors, for politically speaking, we firmly believe that the long career of Turkish oppression over Greece, is over; and that, although the latter may for sometime longer be annoyed and harassed by the hostility of her late tyrants, their sway over her has become extinguished never to be revived. Glorious Greece ! she is still the land of patriots and heroes, and her children are at this day, worthy of the illustrious race from which they sprung. Let Randolph and his cold-hearted coadjutors croak as much as they please, against the prospects of this gallant and interesting people, in order to frustrate every generous effort that our people and government might wish to make in their behalf, thank Providence, they are now in the high road to success, without our aid ! But how much more glorious would it have been for us, had we lent them our countenance, nay, had we put forth our hand, even at the risk of losing a few bales of silk, and a few boxes of figs, to help them in the hour of their distress ? Shame to the selfish and contemptible policy which last winter resisted the voice of the nation, and prevented its generous wishes in favour of a virtuous people struggling and suffering in a good cause, from taking effect.

We trust that the subject will be again brought before Congress, and that more magnanimous counsels will prevail. We have just read the President's Message, and we are sorry that it contains no recommendation of the cause of the Greeks to Congress. Mr. Monroe, indeed, speaks feelingly, sanguinely, and exultingly respecting their late victories and their future prospects; but he whispers not a word in recommendation of doing any thing for them. He, expresses a hope that the other powers of Christendom will do something. We hope Congress will take this as a hint, and secure to our country the honor of setting the other nations a noble example of the line of conduct we wish them to adopt. Although deficient in the circumstance to which we have alluded, the passage in the Message on this subject is worth quoting, as it contains a triumphant answer to the gloomy predictions uttered last winter by the Anti-Grecians in Congress. We, therefore, lay it before our readers.

“In turning our attention to the condition of the civilized world, in which the United States have always taken a deep interest, it is gratifying to see how large a portion of it is blessed with peace. The only wars which now exist within that limit, are those between Turkey and Greece, in Europe, and between Spain and the new governments, our neighbours, in this hemisphere. In both these wars, the cause of Independence, of Liberty and Humanity, continues to prevail. The success of Greece, when the relative population of the contending parties is considered, commands our admiration and applause, and that it has had a similar effect, with the neighboring powers, is obvious. The feeling of the whole civilized world is excited in a high degree in their favour. May we not hope that these sentiments winning on the hearts of their respective governments, may lead to a more decisive result, that they may produce an accord among them, to replace Greece on the ground which she formerly held, and to which her heroic exertions, at this day, so eminently entitled her?”

The Message is, on the whole, an excellent and judicious state paper, bearing the usual marks of Mr. Monroe's acute and vigorous intellect. It has not the splendor and majesty of that with which he opened the Session of 1823-4. It talks not of curbing the career of the ambitious, nor of holding out the hand of friendship and assistance to the oppressed, when struggling for relief, as that celebrated message did. But it is cheering in its statements, unaffected in its style, and in gener

just in its sentiments, and logical in its inferences. There is only one of the many measures which it recommends to the consideration of Congress, the justice and utility of which we feel disposed to controvert, we mean the project of removing the Creek Indians from their present homes to which they have lately manifested so much attachment, to a remote and unknown region, beyond the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Monroe, it is true, proposes the measure with apparent reluctance. His better feelings seem to struggle against it, and he recommends it only as a necessary evil which it would be expedient to adopt in order to satisfy the clamorous cupidity of the Georgians. Congress, we hope, will have too much regard for the honour and reputation of the country to authorise such a flagrant act of injustice and cruelty to be committed against an unoffending, industrious, and improving people, however feeble may be their means of resistance, merely in compliance with the sordid and hectoring demands of one of the States. We have not room to descant on this subject which we consider the most fruitful of serious reflections to every lover of humanity, as well as every one who has the honour of the American name at heart, that has for a long time come before the National Legislature.

With respect to the Presidential question, we have just room to observe, that although the majority of votes in the electoral colleges for General Jackson, is not sufficient to make him President, yet it expresses the preference of the nation for him so decisively as to render it incumbent on Congress to elect him. For that body to elect any other, under existing circumstances, would be manifestly to resist the NATIONAL WILL. His election, however, is certain, for as Mr. Clay cannot be a candidate before Congress, the whole representation of the Western States will be unanimous for the Deliverer of Orleans.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS.

THE proprietor of this Magazine respectfully reminds those who are indebted to him, of the impossibility of so long conducting such a work without receiving regular payments. He requests, therefore, that those at a distance will lose no time in remitting to him the sums which they know to be due. Those who live in Philadelphia will shortly be waited on with their accounts, which, it is hoped, they will cheerfully discharge.

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